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Vol. CXC No. 2484 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 13 1947

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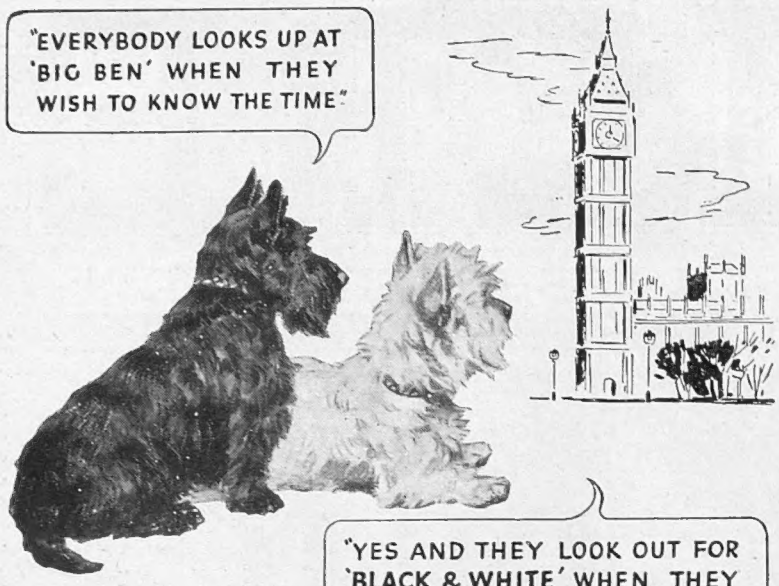

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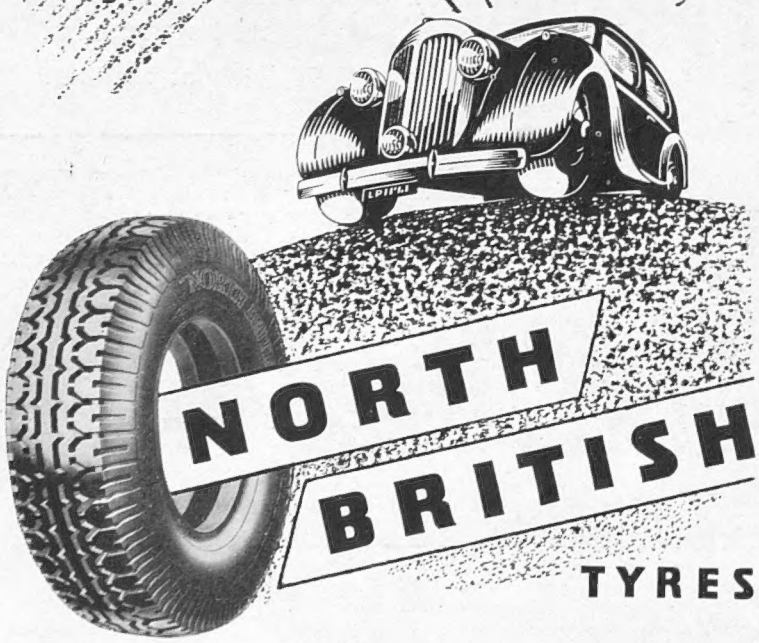

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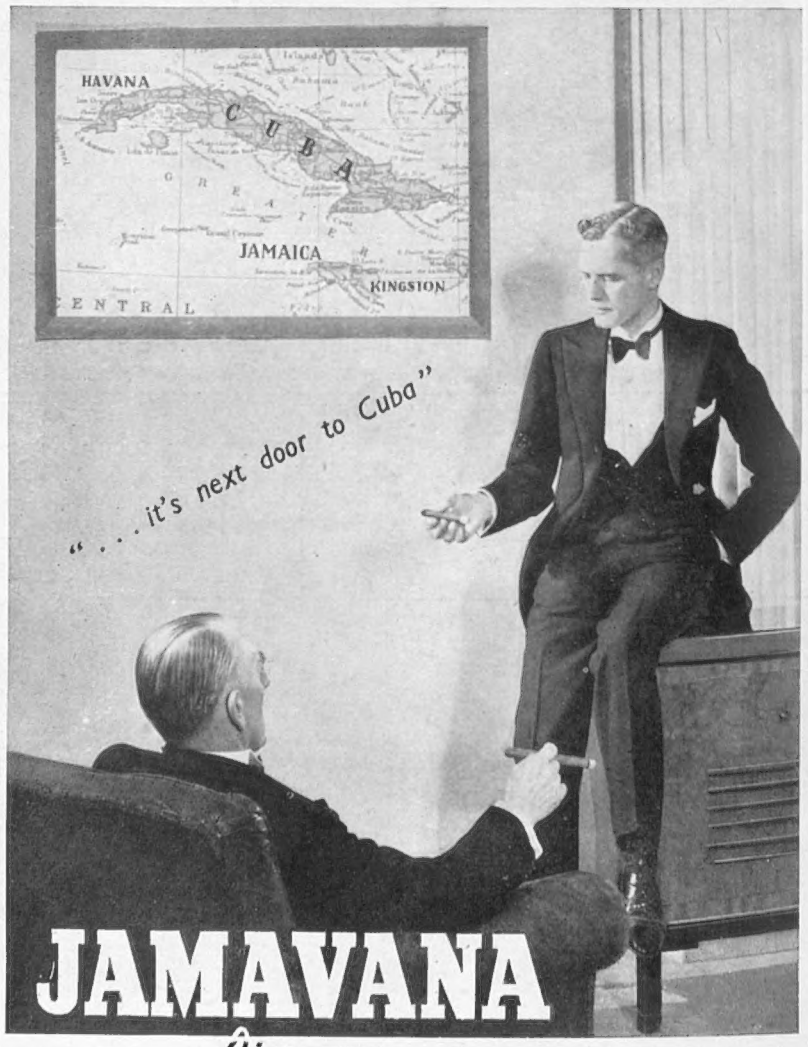

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Volume CXC No. 2484

The SPHERE, London, September 13, 1947

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE ABOYNE BALL—H.R.H. AND THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY MARKING UP THEIR DANCE PROGRAMMES: As usual the ball was the big social event of the season on Deeside. The Marquess of Huntly, premier Marquess of Scotland, has his seat at Aboyne Castle

The Royal Family's annual stay on Deeside has coincided this year with the Edinburgh Festival, and the Royal holiday has in consequence been punctuated by a round of extra engagements. As usual the holiday has also coincided with the season of the Highland games, the highlights of which were the Braemar Gathering and the Aboyne Ball. Both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret attended the Aboyne Ball, and it was the first time Royalty had ever attended. The Princesses wore tartan sashes over their evening dresses, and took part with keen enjoyment in such Scottish dance favourites as "The Dashing White Sergeant." (See *also* page 327)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Mr. Attlee's Position.—

If the Premier had time during his journeys between Wales and London to glance at the "responsible Press," he must have had a jolt on August 28. On that day, the first leader of *The Times* began with these words: "*Never has a Ministry fallen so far short of pent-up expectations on so many successive occasions as Mr. Attlee's Government.*" These are significant words. *The Times*, since the Socialist Government came into power, has given the nation a lead in unity and patriotic co-operation. It has acted according to its principles without truckling to Right Wing or partisan criticism. It has heard itself bitterly labelled Socialism's No. 1 organ. On August 28 "its patience was exhausted." It was not that on that day it realised that it had "backed the wrong horse." The horse it backed was England. But it might be argued from this leader that it realised it had backed the wrong jockey. For, after all is said, the Prime Minister is primarily responsible for the Government of the country and for the actions and policies of his Administration, and it is hard to see how Mr. Attlee can survive the failures of the last few weeks. He owes his position largely to the divergence of views held by the stronger members of his Cabinet, to his own willingness to play a minor role as a gatherer and sifter of other men's opinions, to a willingness to act as postal sorter of the correspondence between T.U. leaders and Left-Wing supporters on the one hand and his own inner Cabinet on the other. It is incredible that he has survived so long. It is incredible to the student of our political history that no single head has fallen to date in a Ministry that has bungled and guessed wrong so consistently and so abjectly. He is not even strong enough to strengthen his Cabinet, and the reason is not far to seek. He knows his own weakness, and, being an honest and not a particularly vain man, his conscience revolts from the invidious duty of sacking an underling and sparing the boss. But the country is in acute danger and Mr. Attlee's conscientious scruples—howsoever high-minded—should not bulk too large in his picture. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting—he and the bulk of his colleagues. And he knows it. As a patriot and a man of honour, he should give a lead and *go*.

Truman's Problems.—

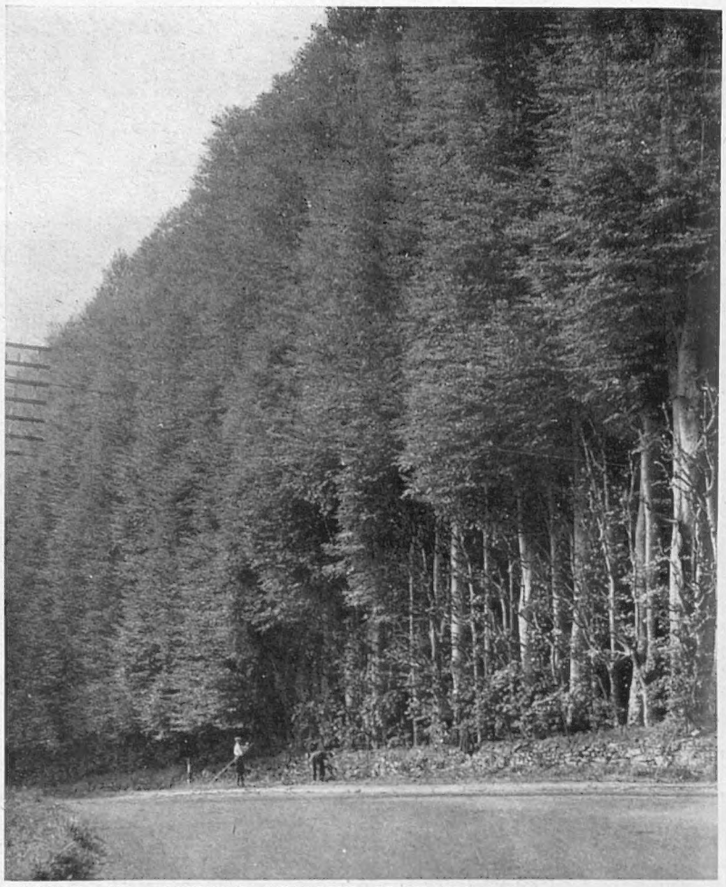
The leaders of every nation on earth, rich or poor, democratic or totalitarian, have plenty to think about to-day, and most of them—all the democratic—are only at the beginning of their task when they have formed a clear idea of what their policies should be. Very few of them have as yet begun to explore the avenues which lead to that stage. After that, they must seek to impose their ideas on their peoples, of whom in most countries a majority are either apathetic or pig-headed or obstinately opposed to the Government in power. America, as an example: recent events have thrown doubt on many a nursery or moral saw. Is it, for example, more blessed to give than to receive? Is it any safer to be a "have" than a "have-not"? Is money the root of all evil or the cure of all ills? Mr. Truman has a weary pilgrimage of thought and decision and persuasion before him, whenever he can spare time from planning the next Presidential election campaign. Long term, very long term, must be his plan to put the world on the right road, in co-operation with the Pope, by the way of a religious revival. More immediate before him lies a great decision: shall America, who has poured out so vast a sum on Europe without any hope of return, make one more gigantic effort to remedy the dollar shortage, or shall she close her purse and let Europe slip into total bankruptcy and chaos? If she choose the latter course, she must lose the best markets for her present overweighted production and face an inevitable and early domestic slump with its consequences in unemployment and economic chaos; and at the same time leave Europe naked and unprotected to face the onslaught of Communism, which triumphs and thrives wherever human misery and hunger and apathy are found. There *should* be but one answer; for America's No. 1 and No. 2 nightmares are a repetition of the 'tween-wars slump and Communism. But isolationism in America is scotched, not killed; and party tactics are still more urgent and interesting than world politics and economics to millions in America.

Blow Hot, Blow Cold.—

Mr. Shinwell has a wide range of subjects under his control, and on that account no doubt has long been a multiple target for criticism. It is a principle of our native politics that the Minister is responsible in Parliament for the faults and failures of his departmental officials; otherwise it would be unreasonable to attach personal blame to Mr. Shinwell for the vagaries and contradictions of a hundred officials, caught in the mazes of a score of subdivisions of his vast command. But there are more contradictions and muddles concerned with fuel and power than with any other department, and these range from the trivial to the vital. Thus, a Bournemouth hotel may be floodlit but not Edinburgh Castle; thus, basic petrol for September will not be honoured in October, or perhaps will be so honoured. Thus, nationalisation of the coal-mines has increased or reduced output, absenteeism, and unauthorised strikes; and the target (now reduced to very round figures) will certainly or certainly not be reached. Thus, the defaulting miners must be prosecuted, petted, trusted or dragooned. It is go-as-you-please in the F. and P. department with tongue and pen. It is "*Alii alia dicunt*," or "Some say one thing and some another," and, above the turmoil and the fog, Mr. Shinwell flaps his wings like a sick crow, squawking his sombre calls. But he never falls to the ground. It suits the miners to have him up there.

British Association Gleanings.—

There are always interesting trends and theories to be gleaned from meetings of the B.A. Thus, Sir Garnet Wilson, ex-Provost of Dundee, rather shook my long-rooted belief that the Scots were much better educated primarily and secondarily than the English. According to his quoted statistics, the Scots fully contributed their quota of illiterates and semi-illiterates to the awful total of men in these grades among the Services recruits in 1945. Sir Garnet trounced the slipshod, vulgar speech and the low mental equipment which present-day primary education in Scotland has failed to eradicate, and he complained of the small desire revealed for adult education. Unless this revelation is "all Sir Garnet," I must readjust my views on the merits of Dominie Sampson and his ilk. But it is probably true that a generalisation concerning Glasgow or Dundee may not very accurately describe conditions prevailing in Badenock or Morven. I gained my admiration for Scottish education from talks and walks with stalkers in the Highlands decades ago, and was constantly astonished by the breadth and depth of their knowledge of current political and general problems at home and abroad. No doubt these men were largely self-educated, employing the long winter evenings in spelling through old files of *The Times* and other literature left behind by tenants of the lodges and shootings and the forests. And it occurs to me that a large majority of my own Southron kind who went to public schools and universities in those Edwardian days were either self-educated in later years in the same sort of way or remain to this day among the "semi-literates." I know that I never felt any "intellectual superiority" over the stalkers who brought me up to my stags in the days of my youth.



TRIMMING THE CELEBRATED MEIKLEOUR BEECH HEDGE: Men at work on the 580-yard-long avenue which borders the Perth-Braemar Road and is now being trimmed for the first time in eleven years. The hedge, known to many thousands of motorists, is just over 200 years old and is described as one of the arboreal wonders of the world. The average height of the hedge is about 85 ft., and prior to 1936, when it was last cut, trimming took place every seven years

On right—**ONE OF THE ARBOREAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD: A notice proclaiming the marvels and the antiquity of the Meikleour beech hedge and calling upon the public to co-operate in its preservation**

Travel by Rail.—

If it be a proof of manhood when one succeeds in rebuilding his shattered fortunes with worn-out tools, the first sensible step is the admission that the tools *are* worn-out. And that goes for the railways to-day. Shortage of man-power, worn-out tracks, weak and obsolete rolling-stock, and a deficiency of spares and steel and other essential materials ensure, and will long ensure, an inferiority of service which the public has not yet known. A long-distance train to the North may have the luck to be drawn by an adequate engine, or it may not. If it be unlucky, it will take two hours longer to reach its destination than the advertised time. More than this, the experts who examine affairs after an accident have already imposed on sections of the tracks a reduction in speed which makes nonsense of the time-tables. But still, the public, which is paying half as much again as it paid in 1939 to travel by rail, is furnished with a pre-war time-table. The train, let us say, is scheduled to reach Aviemore at 7.50 a.m. But if it does so but one day in six, if five days out of six it is up to two hours late, all sanity suggests that the first duty of the railway company is to revise its schedules, and so gain public co-operation in its uphill effort to serve the public. It is high time that we should all comprehend that the task ahead is not mere building, but building with worn-out tools; and the railways to the North can give us a healthy hint by warning us at once that henceforward, until times improve, it will take two hours longer to cover 500 miles by rail on a normal run than for decades past.

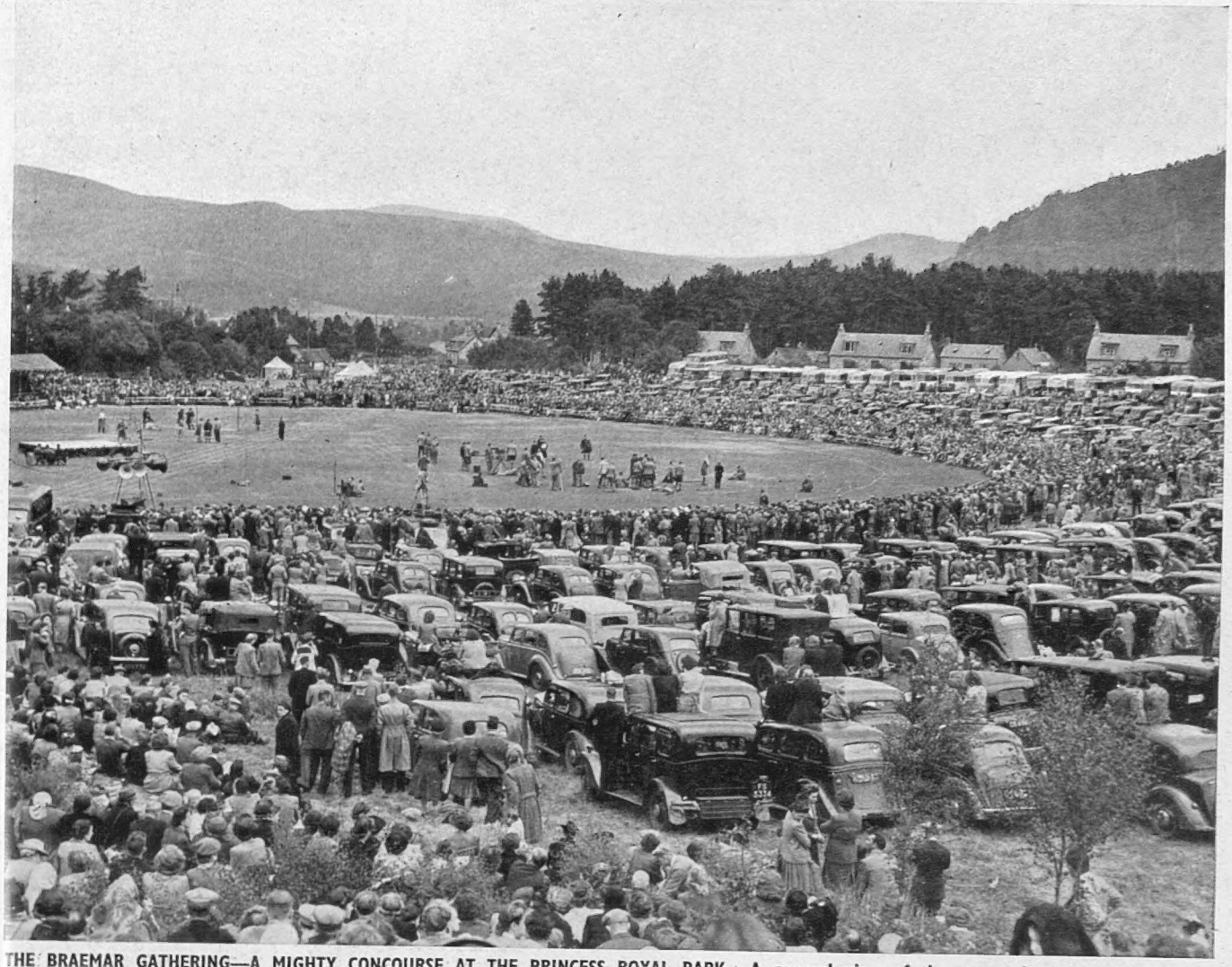
Farewell to the Highlands. —

A calendar month of practically constant sunshine, not a single shower of rain, a temperature between 70 and 80 deg., inviting frequent bathes in the river after shooting, enough grouse to keep young and old amused, a lodge in the heart of the loveliest hills, giving constant hot water and abundant game, butter, milk and fruit, an adequate and excellent staff to cook these plentiful supplies—*that* is a holiday to be thankful for after nine lean and holidayless years. I am grateful and I try to philosophise as I turn south again to join once more the queues and the discomforts, the domestic chores and the shortages, the sour looks and the frustration of life, in the thickly populated and city-spoiled south. It is not easy to philosophise sitting upright in a crowded carriage through the long night, knowing well that the train will be three hours late in London, and that, unshaven and unbreakfasted, one must cross London to queue up at another terminus. One is for ever letting envy and malice creep in against the sleepers in the sleeping compartments who, not through prevision but by backstair influence and "backsheesh," have worked the oracle at the eleventh hour, and lie soft at the price of a bottle of whisky or by the magic of a judiciously rustled banknote in the right quarter. Perhaps it is fair that only one-third of the available sleeping accommodation on the trains should be reserved for the general public. But it would be pleasanter if that one-third were allotted to those who first apply, and not to those who bribe highest. This pre-Mussolini, Italian model is a rather dingy end to the careers of our fine old privately-owned railways with their glorious records of service, justice and loyalty to the public. But a month of such memories is cheap at the price of a night of discomfort and disillusion.

THE OLD STAGER

BRAEMAR GAMES and the ABOYNE BALL

Two Big Events of the Scottish Social Season



THE BRAEMAR GATHERING—A MIGHTY CONCOURSE AT THE PRINCESS ROYAL PARK: A general view of the arena during the progress of the games, which were attended by the Royal Family and Scottish notabilities from far and wide. Cars parked on the surrounding slopes provided a natural grandstand for the spectators as they witnessed the usual feats of strength performed in the arena. Braemar lies on the fringe of the Cairngorms amidst some of the grandest scenery in Scotland

Last week in Scotland, Braemar, Aboyne and Edinburgh were the focal points of social life, and, such were the dividing attractions, the Queen and Princess Margaret journeyed from Deeside to Holyroodhouse to attend the Edinburgh Festival. Some hours before both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret had danced into the early hours of the morning at the Aboyne Ball, this being the first time Royalty had ever attended that function, while the Royal Family all attended the Braemar Gathering. This year instead of downpours of rain, which marred the event in 1946, the gathering was held in ideal conditions and was watched by a bumper crowd. The picture on the left gives an idea of the magnificently wooded country which surrounds the Princess Royal Park at Braemar

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET DANCING "THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT," PARTNERED BY CAPTAIN RODDIE MCLEOD: A delightfully informal picture from the Aboyne Ball, where many of the old Scottish dances added colour and character to the occasion. The Princesses both wore tartan sashes

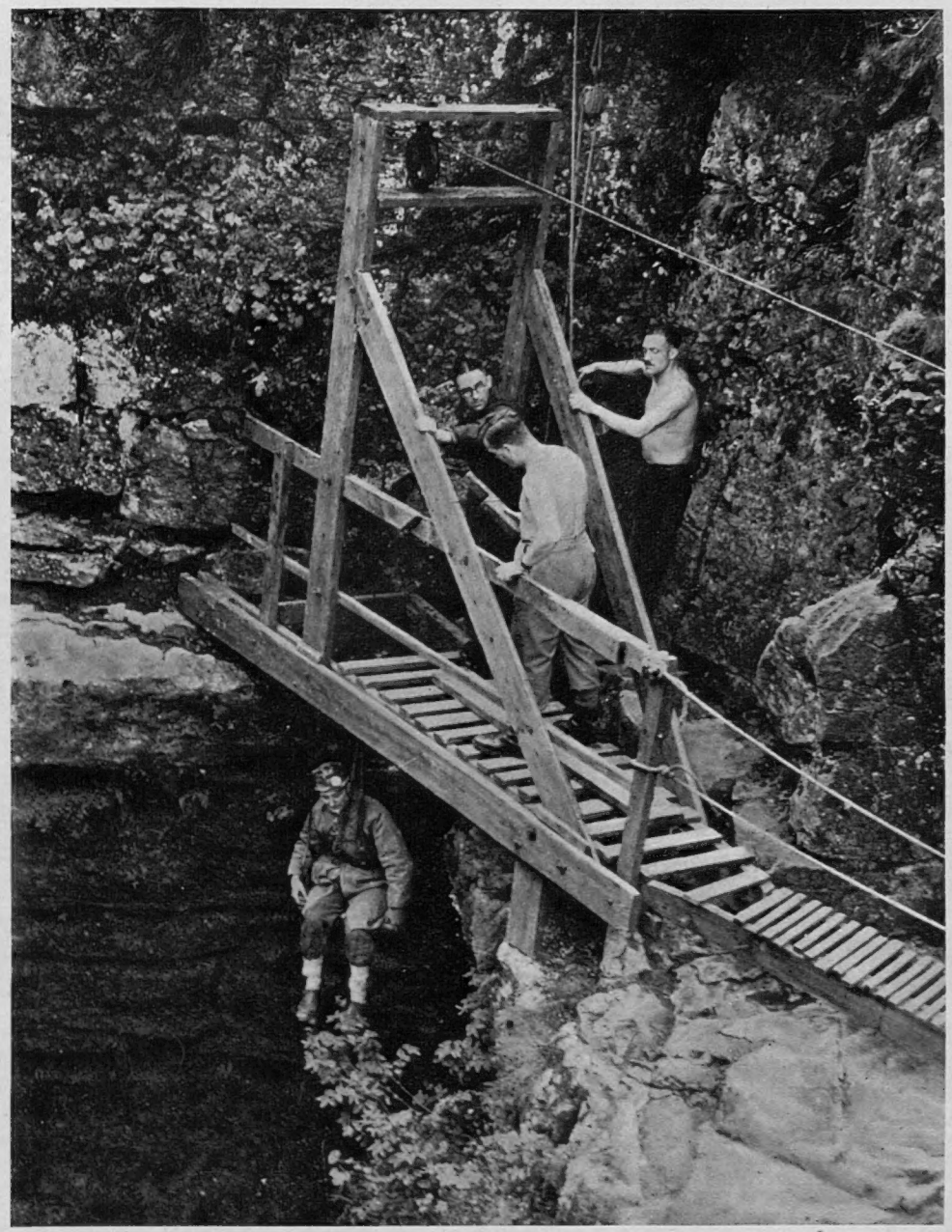
WITH LONDON'S HOPPERS IN THE KENTISH FIELDS

An Open-Air Church Service and a Performance of Shakespeare for the Pickers

SILENT IN PRAYER: Hop-pickers kneeling beside a hayrick at the open-air service held at Paddock Wood by the Archbishop of Southwark, who has paid a visit to the Roman Catholic community in the hopfields. The hop season has been celebrated with much goodwill between the people of Kent and their annual London visitors, but the pickers have not been quite so numerous this year, as the crop is rather smaller than usual due to "wilt"

On right—**SHAKESPEARE HAD A GOOD RECEPTION:** Hop-pickers applauding an open-air performance of "Twelfth Night" given by the Taverners at Beltring

ALFRESCO SHAKESPEARE IN THE SHADOW OF THE OAST-HOUSES: Hop-pickers watching a performance of "Twelfth Night" given by the Taverners at Beltring. Many of the pickers had never before witnessed a Shakespearean production, but they were full of enthusiasm, most of them standing on the seats to see the show. Needless to say, most of the audience were Cockneys spending their usual annual holiday in "the Garden of England"



A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER IS LOWERED IN A BO'SUN'S CHAIR INTO FLOOD EXIT POT OF GAPING GHYLL, WHERE THE SECOND SKELETON WAS FOUND: The 300-ft. descent to the ledge on which the remains lay took two minutes. It is thought they may have been deposited there when flooding filled the "great chamber" to a depth of 60 ft. last July

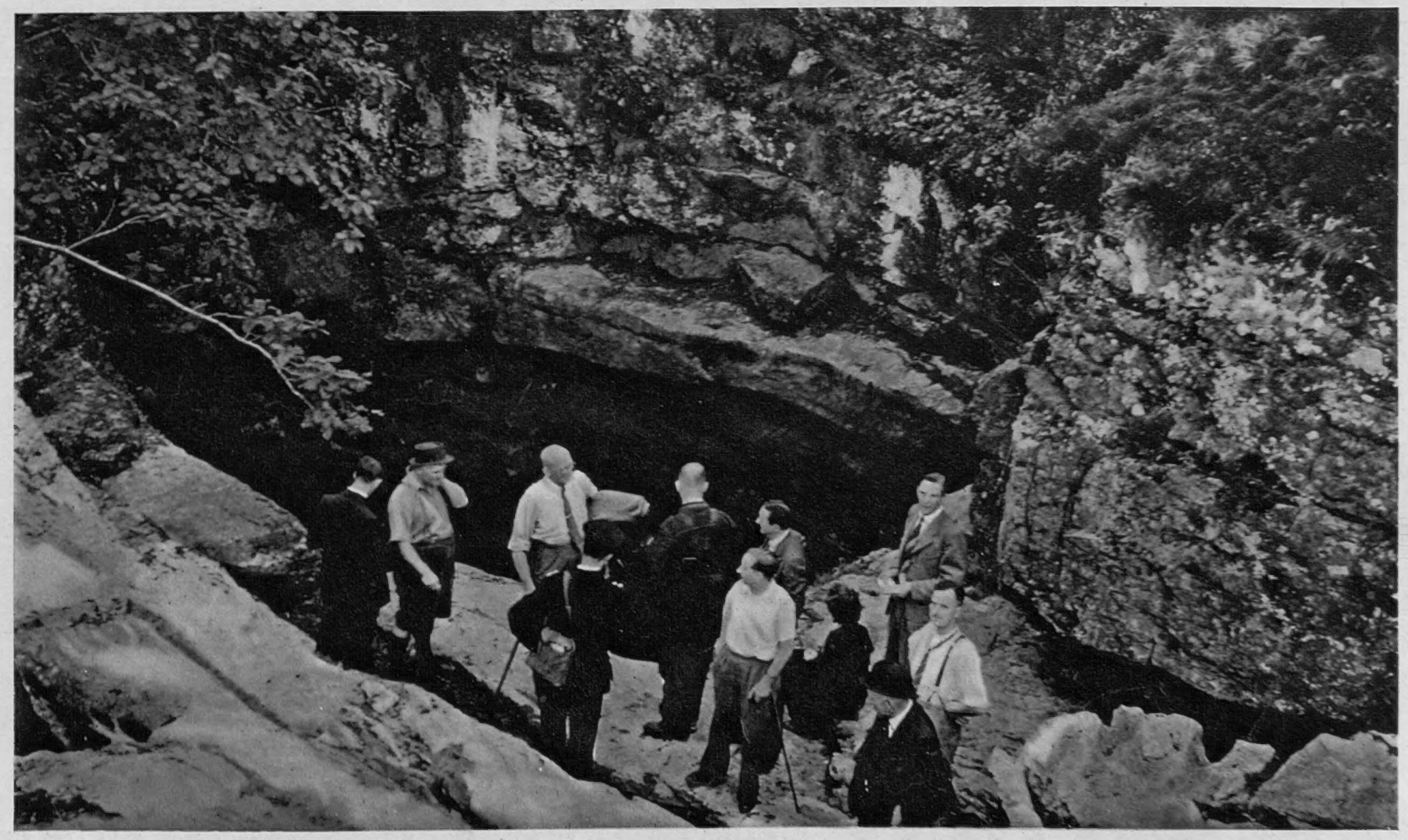
THE SKELETON IN THE POTHOLE

Potholers Find Further Human Remains at Gaping Ghyll, a Mile-and-a-half from the First Discovery at Trow Ghyll

Twice within a week skeletons have been found in potholes in the Ingleborough district of Yorkshire. The second is thought to be the remains of a man of medium height. The skull is fractured. Apart from the bones, a single black sock is the only aid to identity. Police and a pathologist are investigating the discovery, which may be the result of an accident on a dark night, when a fall into the "great chamber" would mean almost certain death. The Secretary of the Cave Rescue Association is of the opinion that a fence should be erected around the entrance to the hole to prevent further accidents. Potholing can be a dangerous pastime, for underground streams vary considerably according to weather conditions. The Cave Rescue Association was formed to aid fellow speleologists. It maintains mountaineering equipment and can call on volunteer potholers for aid when necessary.

Potholes are cylindrical cavities in rock caused by stones, gravel and sand gyrated by the eddying of a stream and by the carbonic acid in rainwater eating into the rock. They vary in size from small holes to great caverns like Gaping Ghyll, which is 365 ft. deep. Many are still unexplored, but of recent years a number of people have taken up potholing as a sport and formed their own clubs. Members of the Craven Pothole Club of Skipton, on one of their Sunday explorations, made this particular discovery. The investigators wore an old Army gas-cape and a miner's safety helmet. They were lowered in a bo'sun's chair and maintained communication with the surface by means of a field telephone and a police whistle

A POLICE OFFICER AND A PATHOLOGIST WITH THE POTHOLERS AT GAPING GHYLL: Chief Superintendent G. Blackburn, of the West Riding C.I.D., and Dr. D. E. Price, a Leeds pathologist, both made the descent to examine the skeleton on the ledge



WHERE THE SECOND SKELETON WAS DISCOVERED: The Flood Exit Pot forms part of the underground caverns known as Gaping Ghyll, in the Ingleborough district of Yorkshire. A week previously another skeleton was found in a pothole in Trow Ghyll, about a mile-and-a-half away from the new discovery

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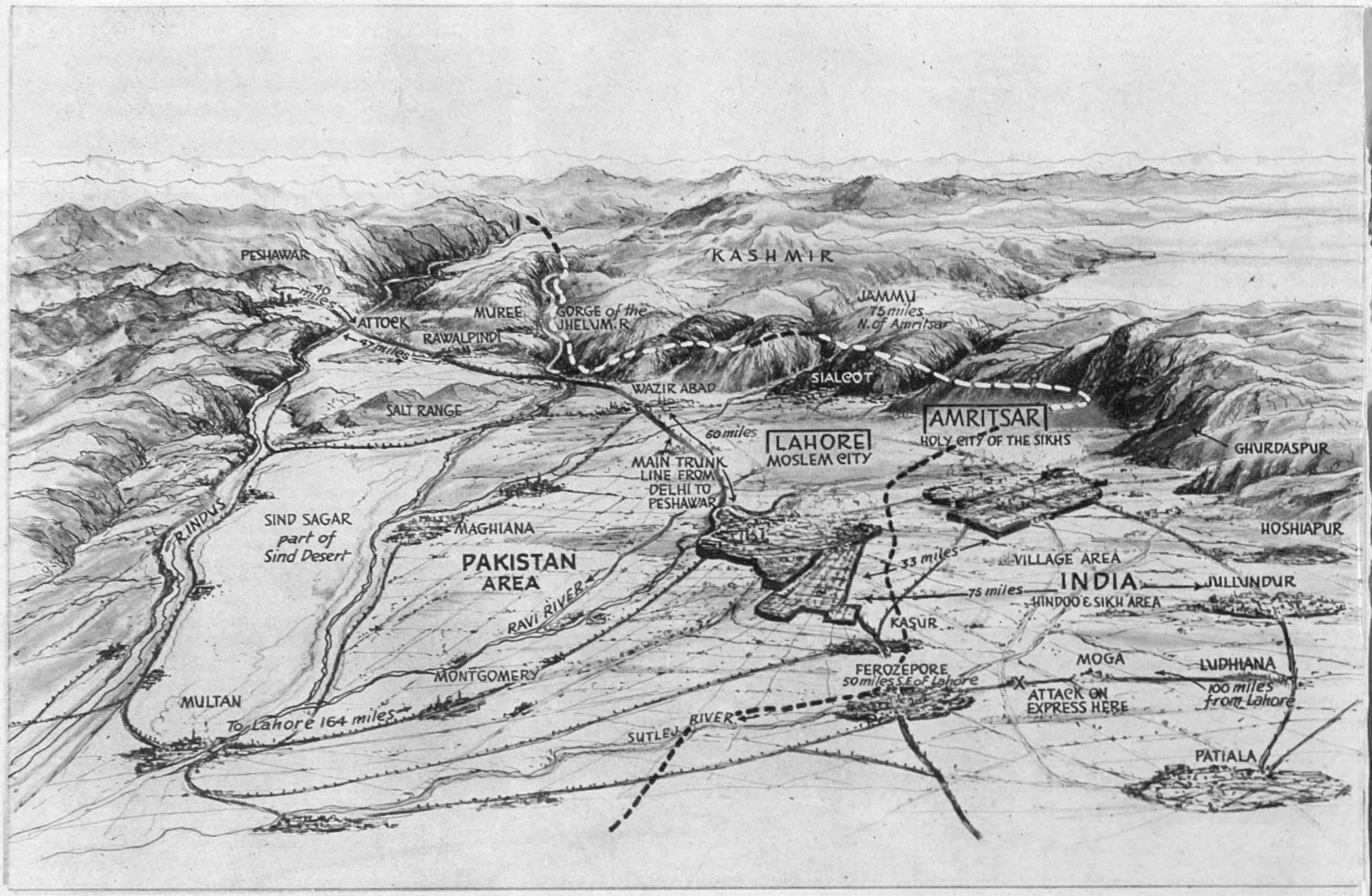
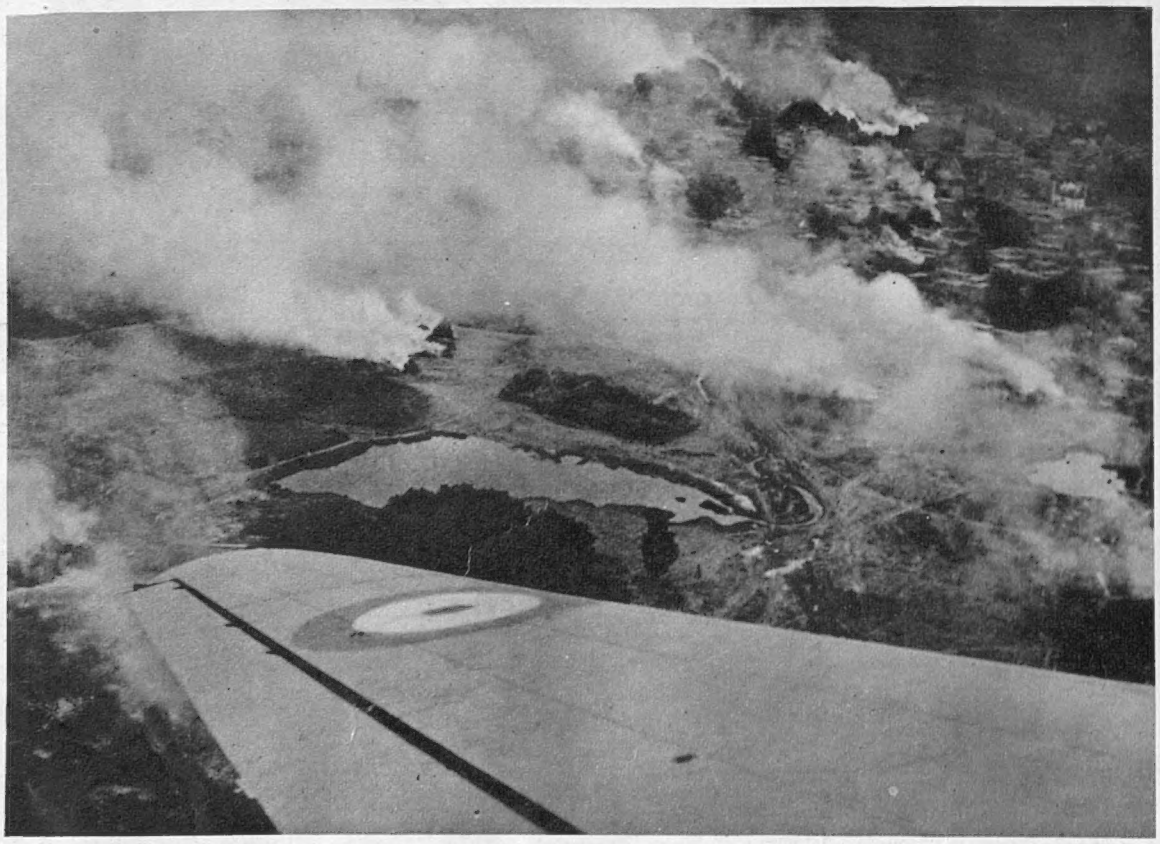


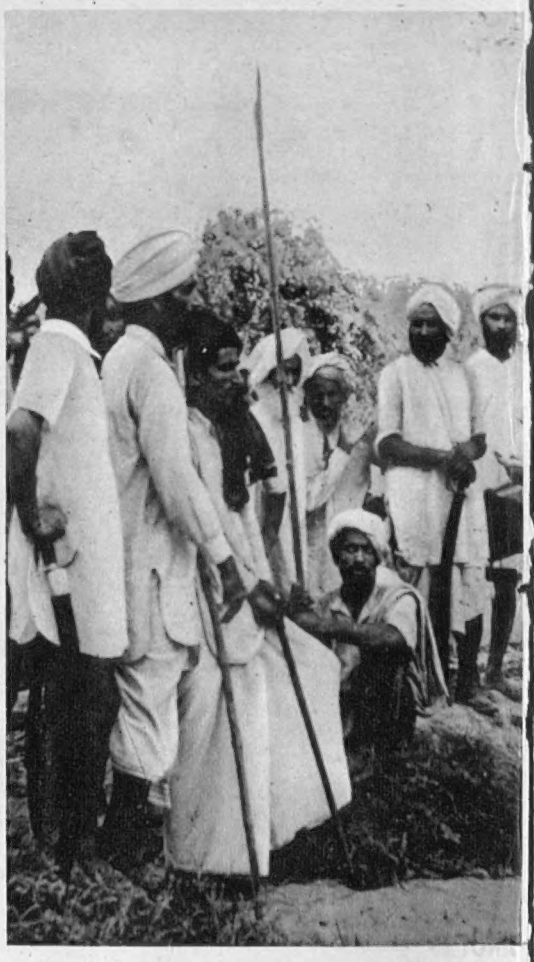
WHERE PAKISTAN AND INDIA COME FACE TO FACE—THE TRAGIC AREAS OF WESTERN AND EASTERN PUNJAB, WHERE IT IS SAID THAT 200,000 LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST DURING THE LATEST OUTBREAK OF COMMUNAL VIOLENCE, ONE OF THE MOST TRAGIC HAPPENINGS IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN INDIA: In the city of Lahore, Pakistan, the vast Muslim population has escaped across the border into India. Out of 300,000 Hindus in Lahore at the beginning of August, fewer than 10,000 remain. In Amritsar, Pakistan, the Sikh Jathas, on the other hand, butchered every Muslim who did not flee westwards—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE TWO-WAY EXODUS IN THE PUNJAB

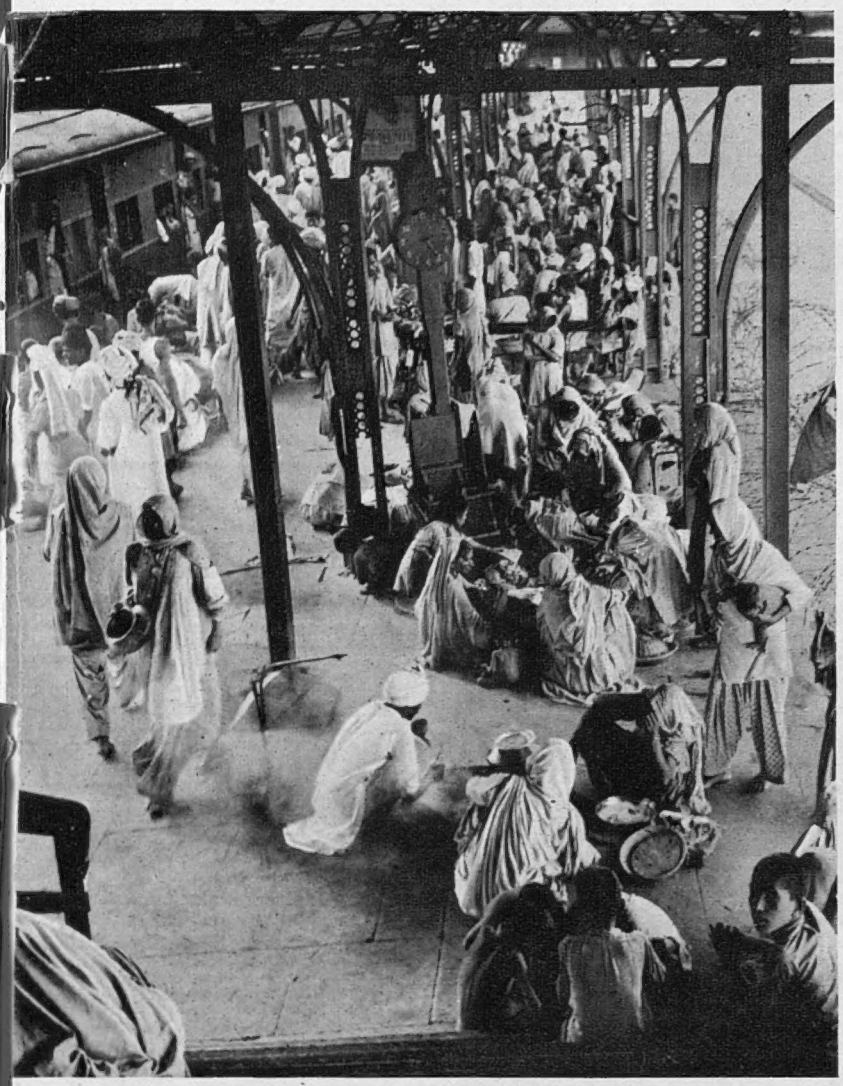
Amid the Spate of Mass Killings the Muslims Flee Westward, and the Sikhs and Hindus Flee to the East

No sooner had New Delhi and Karachi inaugurated the two new Dominions of India and Pakistan than a spate of communal violence broke out that has sullied for all time the name of the Sikh and has marked the Muslim as a man of no less brutal, ruthless intolerance. Since the last days of August there has been a spate of killings in both West and East Punjab, with the Muslims driving the Hindus and Sikhs from the towns and villages of Pakistan, and the Sikhs driving the Muslims from the towns and villages of Hindustan. Thus the sub-continent has witnessed the pitiful two-way exodus across the Punjab as Sikh, Hindu and Muslim have sought to escape the orgies of violence. Everywhere violence has begotten violence, tales from one area have led to new outbursts of killing in another. The Sikhs declare that what they did in Amritsar three weeks ago is vengeance for what the Muslims did last March in Rawalpindi, and so it goes on. Both Mr. Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan, Lord Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, and Premier Nehru have attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters, but it has been of little avail





THE TERRIBLE VENGEANCE OF THE SIKH—WHAT COMMUNAL VIOLENCE ACHIEVED AS THE JATHAS SWEPT ACROSS EAST PUNJAB, BURNING TOWNS AND VILLAGES IN THEIR PATH AND MURDERING MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. *Left*—An aerial view of the blazing city of Jullundur and some surrounding towns. *Right*—Typical Sikh warriors who have roamed across the countryside in search of Muslim victims. Two of the Sikhs are seen carrying murderous-looking sabres



THE TRAGIC PLIGHT OF THE SIKHS AND HINDUS IN WESTERN PUNJAB—HOW THOSE WHO SURVIVED THE MASS KILLINGS ENGINEERED BY THE MUSLIMS ESCAPED FROM LAHORE, PAKISTAN, AND CROSSED THE FRONTIER INTO THE DOMINION OF INDIA: These pictures, both taken in the last days of August, evidence the hasty nature of the exodus in the face of communal fury. *Left*—Refugees, protected by wire put up by the police, cooking their meals on the platform at Lahore. They were awaiting trains to take them across the border to the safety of their own people. *Right*—A lorryload of refugees about to cross the Wagah Bridge between Pakistan and India. The heavily-loaded van crossed the border without interference. Floods have since held up the crossings

ANOTHER TRAGIC ASPECT OF THE MASS TWO-WAY MOVEMENT—MUSLIM WOMEN AND CHILDREN ESCAPING FROM THE FURY OF THE SIKH JATHAS AS THEY POURED ACROSS THE FRONTIER INTO PAKISTAN: Having heard the tales of slaughter from other refugees, tales which showed that the Sikhs were having no mercy on women and children, the Muslims picked up what few belongings they could and hastened for their lives, mostly on foot. By the middle of last week the fury of the communal violence was dying down, but the two-way exodus still went on and it will doubtless continue for many months

THIS IS THE AGE OF PROLETARIAN PLEASURES

Of Hostels, Holiday Camps, and Schemed Holidaymaking

By FERDINAND TUOHY

NOT the least distorted coinage of the class mind is that which paints the populace, or, more specifically speaking, "the workers," as engaged in a continuous effort to wrestle more of the enjoyments of life from a privileged minority favoured by birth and education, whose contribution to the nation's upkeep, when made at all, is softer and far too highly rewarded. Such smooth-palmed ones are depicted as still enjoying an inordinate and unwarranted portion of the pleasures of living.

In our own case zealots have not lacked ammunition for this line of propaganda. Max Intrator was a gift to them; through him it was possible eventually to brand as unpatriotic all who went abroad for pleasure. The mouth-watering reiteration of black-market meals, to be read in juxtaposition to tales of the hungering, has provided constant fodder. Ostentatious car-owners helped to oust private motoring, and the "drones" of Ascot added their quota to the theme-song.

The tune essayed has been the old song of a self-indulging-to-piggish world of leisure, the while the working class is called upon to keep its nose ever more down to the grindstone, and the real and special value of the propaganda, why its exponents are spurred to persevere with it, is that it tends to conceal the reverse side of the medal.

"When you want to cover up something, lay it to the charge of the other fellow."

One has only to look around to see that the whole tendency is for the upper and middle classes to lose their pleasures, and for the masses to have more and more attention paid to theirs. In country after country the same passage is evident. If the process be more marked in the United Kingdom, as foreigners contend, well, I imagine the Continentals have likewise put their fingers on the cause. There is a distinct puritanical streak in our Socialism which reaches for the Pythagorean whip of mortification where foreign Socialists stave off austerity as a plague, and it naturally follows that those who are most made to feel the rap here are the possessing classes.

How that word "possessing" is reconcilable with the fact of the great mass of the people possessing three-quarters of the total of net personal incomes is another matter which strikes to the root of this story. "Travel and leisure are no longer the prize of class, and the excitements of town life, the cinema, and the greyhound-racing stadium take as large a place as the circus and amphitheatre took in Rome or Byzantium" is how Manchester thinks to-day. Rather ominously, but that is by the way.

In this present crisis we have witnessed the Government's timid reluctance to cut anything that might curtail the pleasure of the masses. You recollect the searching there was about mid-week sport, the "dogs," and football pools. In the same spirit special fuel is being kept for charabancs, and by the same token there is no more intention than there ever has been to tax 8,000,000 bicycles, because they are overwhelmingly in the hands of the masses, who need not pay a farthing for the pleasure they extract when awheel with their friends.

I 'm not saying they aren't right in Downing Street. I merely wish to correct a distortion by stating an obvious truth—namely, that this is manifestly the day of proletarian pleasure to the ousting of more selective processes. For example, you get a fair idea of the ruling party's mental bias by what happened at Edinburgh, or didn't happen.

Here was that fine city competing with Salzburg and full of foreigners whose currencies it is hoped to rake in in subsequent years. It would never have been necessary to ask for the Castle at Salzburg to be floodlit during the Festival. It *was* necessary at Edinburgh, and Shinwell turned the request down. The cost for a week would have been 12 tons of coal. And we wish to encourage tourists! But it is the mental bias that matters here. Supposing Edinburgh had been paramountly a workers' festival?

I realise one risks bathos in setting down the losses of the "unproductive" classes. Huntin' and shootin' have receded almost beyond the horizon, although fishin' still gets a look in. Motorin' has gone the way of the first two, although a great number of our 2,000,000 car-owners, especially in the countryside, need their cars for domestic purposes, which is quite a different thing from pleasure. Still, they have what the great majority have not got, so let them lock it up!

Can one afford the golf club any longer? Doubtful, particularly for those who now must pay costly train fares. Can one afford the club in town? Doubtful, particularly for those who move towards good cheer and the card-table. Going, too, the gay week-end and most of what used to be called "expensive night life," alias a party after the theatre. And holidays largely being spent at home, or thanks to exchanges among friends.

Yet travel may well have been the greatest boon of all to the smooth-palmed classes. Before the war nearly a round million took their holidays abroad. Now they are locked up indefinitely while the masses flood the home resorts and well over into the three escape chambers—Isle of Man, Eire and the Channel Islands.

The sun is down at well-loved places, and how misleading those posters bidding one go instead to Malta or Gibraltar, Barbados or Trinidad for winter sunshine! How many can do such things? The merest, almost invisible few hundreds in a population of 47,000,000.

Turn rather to the broad mass of these if you would know what is transpiring in the realm of pleasure and amusement these slim times. Regular and longer holidays with pay are now a universal custom. Hours of work have been reduced and the five-day week is making its appearance in the big national industries. Most workers already get the equivalent of 100 days off in the 365, which is inclusive of holidays and Bank Holidays, but not of extra holidays allowed by a trade or industry, nor yet of absenteeism.

When absenteeism, in order to attend a sporting occasion, or simply so as to have a day "off," interferes with work vital to national recovery, our rulers hit on some new piece of verbiage to carry things off. The last I heard was an appeal to the miners to "broaden the basis of their loyalty."

To make things easier for postal workers, our postal communications have been put back to conditions of half a century ago. Leisure is no longer the prize of class. "You are lying down on the job" was the way an American friend put it, "and giving yourselves presents you can't afford, and which far richer nations haven't yet got." That was how he saw it after three years here in an official capacity, and I could not move him; that 's how it goes forward when he is back in Washington early next month.

A pamphlet purporting to analyse the amount of money spent by the people of this country on amusements and relaxation says that a quarter of all private spending is on "optional expenditure." What it does show is the enormous increase that has taken place in spending on cigarettes, gambling and the entertainment industry, thanks to "popular" approval of each.

In greyhound racing the estimate is that the average backer is prepared to go on betting of an evening until he has lost 30s., the result being "a very high turnover." As for the Tote at race-meetings, it soared to receipts of £14,000,000 last year. Betting and gambling, untaxed and increasingly passing to the masses, is now a major industry employing hundreds of thousands of people and bringing a turnover of anything up to £900,000,000 in a year. Football pools reached a peak of £50,000,000, while 80 per cent. of the entertainment tax revenue came from that mecca of the multitude, the "flicks."

Open the door—and this is the age of campers and hostels and holiday camps, of cyclists and hikers and motor-coaches, and everything schemed out so as to make things easy, cheap and comfortable for the populace. The popularity of outings to the seaside was fixed by the Party whose Conference beanos round the coast are constantly in the minds of resorts not yet honoured.

Nor was it the fault of organisers that more "popular" holidays were not spent abroad before the close-down came. The Workers' Travel Association had things well in hand, while the World Friendship Association had hoped to shift a round million—before it was shifted itself. Then there was the Prague Youth Festival and the Jamboree at Moisson, each of them drawing heavily on the proletariat for its visitors, especially the former.

Close the door—and this is the age of the Palais de Danse, and of Fun Fairs and juke-boxes, pin-table parlours and shooting galleries, of café society, snack-bars and milk-bars. Of calorific canteens and crooning while you work.

And 30,000 at a mid-week Test match, and a million at the day's football matches.

Outings on the best "vittels" that are going (the people manage, and with a wink); the workmen's club, the "local" with its darts coming through less scathed than any other social rendezvous.

Whether it be ice-hockey or wrestling, boxing or cock-fighting, the populace holds the ring.

Fox- and stag-hunting—where are they?

Mention of blood-sports reminds me of a country where they do these things in the full glare of a Sunday afternoon. Manolete has no counterpart here. He was the idol of all classes in Spain, even if his vast acquisitiveness, he a son of the people, was hardly in the best Socialist or Communist tradition. The bullring, the lottery and "futbol" are Spanish pleasures and about the only uniting influences.

You will notice a surge forward of "popular" pleasure in Belgium of plenty, in France and Italy, as is occurring in our midst. About the only countries that are not experiencing a change are Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland.

The French masses—anyway, in the cities and towns—have much the same gambling and sport passions that our people show. The French are also just as keen on leisure and holidays, but they work harder while on the job and are gayer when they 're not.

One need have only been on the Riviera these past weeks in order to realise the change. All the way from Cassis to Menton, 200 miles of sinuous, blazing coast, *le peuple* was the dominant visitor, so friends tell me.

THE MODERN CANTERBURY PILGRIMS: Led by the Rev. Patrick Ashe, Chaplain of Southwark Diocesan Council, these young pilgrims are seen setting out from Southwark en route to Canterbury. With Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" as their guide-book, they planned to follow the fields and bridle-paths covered by Chaucer's company, walking about fifteen miles a day and putting up at night at church halls en route. Before leaving Southwark they attended a short service in the Cathedral. Each pilgrim carried a bed-roll

NO SLUMP AT THE PROMS: Sir Adrian Boult conducting at a recent Promenade Concert. While London theatres and cinemas, except those with American musicals and other first-line hits, have been suffering as a result of the hot weather, the Proms have continued to operate little short of capacity. They have become part of the fabric of London's life, and it would take very much more than a heat-wave to destroy the present interest in them

A LEAFY OASIS IN THE MIDST OF URBAN LONDON—A VIEW OF THE BESSEMER ESTATE, WHICH LIES ONLY FOUR MILES FROM CHARING CROSS ON DENMARK HILL, IN THE BOROUGH OF CAMBERWELL, PRESENTING AN EXTRAORDINARY CONTRAST TO THE SERRIED HOUSES ON ITS PERIMETER: The 31-acre estate of the steel king is now being taken over to provide 668 new houses

FOUR MILES FROM CHARING CROSS

Sir Henry Bessemer's Camberwell Estate Is Being Broken Up to Make a New Housing Estate

On March 15, 1898, Sir Henry Bessemer died in his mansion in the spacious demesne where he had lived for so many years in the leafy solitude of Denmark Hill. His contributions to the world of science and engineering had been prodigious, and his contributions to humanity had been mixed, for the man who developed the type-composing machine and perfected a method of making imitation Utrecht velvet was no less assiduous in righting the imperfections of artillery, choosing as his patron, in the absence of British interest, none other than Napoleon III. From his early experiments Bessemer evolved the mighty Bessemer steel process. Now, half a century later, his name looms large again, as his great estate on Denmark Hill is invaded by bulldozers and all the paraphernalia of the town-planner, and prepared for conversion into a vast housing estate providing accommodation for over 2,400 Londoners. It is a remarkable reflection that the Bessemer estate lies only four miles from Charing Cross and, when standing in some parts of the grounds, it is difficult to realise that beyond the perimeter of this leafy oasis are the serried homes of urban Camberwell. Sir Henry took possession of the estate in 1863, at the height of the American Civil War, and made it into a magnificent retreat, including a small village of hothouses, forcing-pits, vineries, etc., full of rare plants. Underground caverns, a large stone grotto, an artificial lake and fountains were among the attractions he installed in the grounds and park. It was in these grounds that a model of the Bessemer saloon steamship incorporating the application of hydraulic power to steady the roll of the ship and avoid sea-sickness was erected and given trials before a huge crowd. Sir Henry was born at Charlton in 1813, and when he died in 1898 he had amassed a vast fortune

CUTTING A ROAD THROUGH THE BESSEMER ESTATE: This is the first move in the creation of the new L.C.C. housing estate. In the background are the remains of the Ruskin Manor Hotel, which has been demolished to make way for the new project. Ruskin lived on Denmark Hill for many years

DEMOLITION AND CONSTRUCTION ON THE BESSEMER ESTATE: *Left*—The Grange, which was built by Sir Henry Bessemer in the grounds of his estate as a wedding present for his daughter. This is now being demolished. *Right*—A distant view of Sir Henry Bessemer's mansion, which will remain intact in the midst of the new housing estate. In the foreground is one of the new roads which are being constructed to allow of the haulage of building materials

THE LONDON SCENE

The Returning Crown Jewels : Westminster's Hammer-Beam Roof Under Repair : Repainting the Athenæum : Widening Thames Street

THE WAKEFIELD TOWER IS READY TO RECEIVE BACK THE CROWN JEWELS : This celebrated part of the Tower of London was the greatest attraction for visitors to the fortress in pre-war days, and in the near future it will doubtless regain that pre-eminence when the Regalia is brought back from the secret hiding-place to which it was sent in the war years. In the foreground of this picture is the newly-built hut which will accommodate the guard when it is again mounted day and night on the return of the jewels. The Wakefield Tower dates from the reigns of William Rufus, Stephen and Henry II. The apartment set aside for the Crown Jewels is said to be that in which Henry VI was murdered by the Duke of Gloucester in 1471. Many of the Jacobites were confined there after the rebellion of 1745, just as the Yorkists had been before them after the disastrous Battle of Wakefield

COMMEMORATING THE FEATS OF CAPTAIN LORD LYELL : Mrs. Lyell, mother of the late Lord Lyell, V.C., of the Scots Guards, handing to the officiating priest one of the two churchwarden's wands she has presented to the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. The wands commemorate Lord Lyell's achievements in the 1943 campaign in North Africa, when a posthumous award of the Victoria Cross was made for his gallantry in action. The Constable of the Tower, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, read the lesson from Ecclesiasticus, beginning with the words: "Let us now praise famous men." Afterwards the congregation sang the Bunyan hymn, "He Who Would Valiant Be." The headpieces of the wands are an accurate model in silver of the White Tower. They were designed by a London firm

ONE OF THE CRAFTSMEN WHO ARE REPAIRING THE ROOF OF BLITZED WESTMINSTER HALL : Mr. Luke Eagen, aged sixty-one, is seen shaping a new oak timber for the roof ridge. Three thousand cubic feet of timber are being used for the present work of restoring the celebrated hammer-beam roof. The wood comes from the famous Court-hope Estate in Essex, the very same estate which supplied the wood when King Richard II remodelled and rebuilt Westminster Hall in 1398

BILL GRIBBLE DEMONSTRATES THE USE OF THE ADZE : Mr. Gribble, aged seventy-five, is another member of the band of skilled veteran workers who are engaged in the task of restoring Westminster Hall. Mr. Gribble is primarily a craftsman, but in his spare time he writes verse. During his adventurous life he has travelled in many parts of the world. When the craftsmen have finished their work of restoring Westminster Hall it will appear much as it did in the days when William Rufus created it as an addition to the Palace of the Confessor

A NEW COAT OF PAINT FOR LONDON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB: Scaffolding adorning the Athenæum, which is being redecorated for the first time since 1939. Pallas Athene, guardian goddess of the Club, stands above the portico. She is to be rebronzed

THE ATHENÆUM IN SPLINTS: Another view of the celebrated Pall Mall club during its holiday-time repainting. The Athenæum was founded in 1824, and since then it has numbered among its members nearly every Prime Minister (although Gladstone was a notable exception), every Lord Chancellor, most of the Archbishops and most of the judges. About seventy of its members have been buried in Westminster Abbey and thirty in St. Paul's. It has always been a club of strict conventions

THE COURT-ROOM OF THE VINTNERS' COMPANY IS THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: An interior view of this fine chamber which stands as an obstacle to the widening of Upper Thames Street. The only alternative is the removal of the Wren church of St. James's Garlickhithe, on neighbouring Garlick Hill. Both moves are repugnant to the City-lover, who feels that there has been enough destruction already without adding to the total. The Vintners' Hall was originally erected on land given to the Company in 1357. The Vintners were incorporated in 1436

REPAIRING THE TOWER OF ST. JAMES'S GARLICKHITHE: It was built by Wren on the site of a church destroyed in the Great Fire. The plan for its removal to make way for the widening of Thames Street is very strongly resented in the City

THE BLITZED ALEXANDRA HOTEL IS TO BE CONVERTED INTO LUXURY FLATS: Fifty self-contained flats are to be erected on part of the site laid bare by the Luftwaffe in Knightsbridge. In earlier times this was known as St. George's Terrace, and was occupied by a row of small brick houses of picturesque aspect

On right—

THE "OLD LADY" IS RIGHT IN THE PUBLIC EYE: Since 1945 the Bank of England has been nationalised, between the wars it was given another storey, and now once again it is the centre of interest, not because of any external structural changes, or any internal administrative changes, but just because its front door is the scene of an important traffic control experiment. The new lighting system at the Bank is working well, preventing the traffic jams which formerly created chaos in the rush-hour

THE EMPIRE CONFERENCE AT CANBERRA ON THE FRAMING OF THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY: The Australian Minister for External Affairs, Dr. Evatt, presiding at the Conference a few moments after he had been nominated for the chair. To the left of Dr. Evatt is Mr. Ben Chifley, the Australian Prime Minister, and to the right is Mr. J. J. Dedman, the Australian Defence Minister. On the right of the table are Lord Addison, United Kingdom Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Mr. Hector McNeill. The representatives of the new Dominions of India and Pakistan were also present, and Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and Burma were also represented. It was decided at the Conference that the Japanese Treaty should be completed and signed in the middle of next year, and that steps be taken immediately to hold a preliminary conference of the eleven nations of the Far Eastern Commission, the venue to be the United States. The delegates also decided that Japan should be confined to her own islands, and that she should be in a permanent state of disarmament

UNITED STATES ENVOYS IN PARIS DISCUSS THE STATE OF EUROPE: Mr. Charles Bonnestel, of the U.S. State Department; Mr. Lewis Douglas, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; Mr. William Clayton, U.S. Under-Secretary of State; Mr. Jefferson Caffery, U.S. Ambassador in Paris; and Mr. George F. Kennan, U.S. State Department, at a recent conference at the American Embassy. It has been their main task to consider the implementation of the Marshall plan

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER KOTIKOV HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE IN BERLIN: The Major-General, a picturesque figure in his elegant uniform and with his mass of white curly hair, seen in three characteristic poses as he dealt with the questions of the Allied Press. During the conference he accused the Western Powers of employing anti-democratic methods and unnecessary stalling tactics in postponing the adoption of a law to socialise Berlin's major industries. Meanwhile, Marshal Sokolovsky, the Russian Military Governor of Berlin and Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army in Germany, has protested against the Anglo-American plan to raise the level of German industry in the western regions

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

A Survey of Current Events Abroad

THE BIGGEST CHEERS WERE FOR CHIEF OF STAFF "IKE" EISENHOWER: The General of the Army waves his arms aloft in greeting when about to address the American Legion Convention in New York City. As usual, the Convention was a boisterous, good-humoured and rather nerve-racking affair, and, as far as Eisenhower was concerned, it may have had the nature of a farewell, as there is talk of his retiring from the office of Chief of Staff next January. Some Legionaries tried to set going an "Eisenhower for President" campaign. Americans have yet to learn, however, whether Eisenhower is a Republican or a Democrat

DORIS DUKE WEDS AGAIN: The American tobacco heiress marries a Dominican citizen. Doris Duke seen with Señor Porfirio Rubirosa, Honorary Chargé d'Affaires of the Dominican Republic, after their marriage at the Dominican Legation in Paris. The bride, who wore an ankle-length dress in olive-green taffeta, has been for the past six months the Paris fashion editress of the magazine *Harper's Bazaar*. The bridegroom has already been married twice, his second wife being Danielle Darrieux, the French film-star. He is an accomplished musician, dancer and sportsman. He was brought to France at the age of five, and educated there

THE PASSING OF MANOLETE—SPAIN LOSES THE BEST-KNOWN BULLFIGHTER OF HER DAY: *Left*—Manuel Rodriguez (popularly known as Manolete), who has died from shock after being gored by a bull in Linares arena. *Right*—The sisters of Manolete bending over the prostrate body of the matador before the funeral at Cordova

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF MANOLETE: The celebrated matador, clad in spotless white and with a crucifix clasped in his hands, seen before the funeral at Cordova, where thousands of Spaniards filed past the bier. To the Spanish people the news of Manolete's death was both tragic and incredible, for his skill in the ring was considered almost invincible. He was only twenty-nine, but bullfighting had already brought him a vast fortune. For each bull that he killed Manolete was paid £3,000 or more, and he was reputed to earn about £500,000 a year. His salary was probably the biggest in all Spain. In 1945 he killed a bull with a perfect white "V" on its forehead. He dedicated it in the Spanish manner to Mr. Winston Churchill. The stuffed head is displayed at Mr. Churchill's home at Westerham

THE PROGRESS OF THE PLAN TO BUILD A NEW AND BIGGER CAPE TOWN: An aerial view of the city, showing how the new dock area, enclosing 196 acres, has been built to take large liners and the largest freighters and, at the same time, an area of 360 acres, between the basin and the city, has been reclaimed from the harbour. On this vast new area, Adderley Street, the main shopping thoroughfare, will be extended, and new and magnificent buildings will arise. Cape Town has long felt the need for this development, as Table Mountain and the Lion's Head have hitherto prevented her expansion to meet the needs of her people. Work commenced on the project in June 1937, and it was officially inaugurated by General Hertzog in May 1938

STEAMBOATS ARE OUSTING GONDOLAS ON THE GRAND CANAL: A gondolier without passengers watches a municipal steamboat plying for hire. The steamers travel from the Piazza Roma, which connects with the mainland highway to St. Mark's Square, the whole length of the Grand Canal, and they charge a tenth of the fare required by the gondoliers. The gondola still remains a prime attraction for the romantically-minded visitor, but if the municipality enlarges its present project the days of the gondola are numbered

MUSTAPHA MOMEN ADDRESSES HIS FOLLOWERS AT LAKE SUCCESS: The Egyptian zealot, a member of the organisation known as "The Front of the Nile Valley," advising his followers to leave Lake Success after several of them, including Momen himself, had interrupted the Security Council during its deliberations on the Anglo-Egyptian dispute. Momen staggered the Council when he produced a document which he declared was written with the blood of members of his organisation. After his first interruption he was ejected, put in a car and driven to New York

THE GERMAN VOLKSWAGEN IN A NEW DISGUISE: Kurt Kunkhe, of Brunswick, driving the streamlined racing car in which he came in second in the recent Hamburg Road Race. The streamlining conceals the identity of the oft-publicised People's Car which Hitler promised the German people, but which they never received, as it became the wartime utility car of the German Army. But for the fact that the car developed a minor engine defect, it would undoubtedly have won the race for its own class. As it was, Kunkhe led in nearly all the laps, and at the finish car and driver received a big ovation

A NEW LAKE IN THE SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE PLEASANT VALLEY OF DARWELL HOLE, WHICH IS TO BE SUBMERGED TO PROVIDE INCREASED WATER STORAGE: The project, begun in 1938 and interrupted during the war, has been launched by Hastings Corporation at a cost of £500,000. The lake will cover 160 acres

THE CHANGING SUSSEX SCENE

A New Lake in Darwell Hole, and Hurstmonceaux as the Royal Observatory

Sussex, which has always appealed so strongly to the mind of Hilaire Belloc because of its unchanging characteristics, is at the moment the scene of two most momentous changes. One of them is the conversion of historic Hurstmonceaux Castle into the Royal Observatory, a transformation that demands the erection of prefabricated dwellings within the castle grounds. The other change is in the quiet and pleasant valley of Darwell Hole, where by the winter of 1948 houses, fields and woods will have disappeared beneath the waters of a new artificial lake, one of the largest in South-East England. It will form the Darwell Reservoir, constructed by the Hastings Corporation at a cost of more than £500,000. The reservoir will cover some 160 acres, holding about 900,000,000 gallons of water. Parliamentary powers to build the reservoir were obtained by the Hastings Corporation in 1937 after being opposed in both Houses, and the scheme provided for an impounding dam on the River Darwell, with a catchment area of 2,382 acres, supplemented by a tunnelled aqueduct intercepting four streams, the Glottenham, 392 acres catchment area; the Socknersh, 906 acres; the Park Mill, 412 acres; and the Dudwell, 5,291 acres. It is estimated that these sources will give a minimum yield during dry periods of 3,750,000 gallons a day gross. A farmstead, which goes back to Cromwellian days, and a cluster of houses around it are scheduled for demolition. Work started in 1938, but was interrupted by the war, when only maintenance work was carried out

LOOKING ALONG THE SUMMIT OF DARWELL DAM: Material for the new barrage is brought in by light railway, and the great structure is fast rising above the floor of the valley. The dam will have to be strong enough to hold back 900,000,000 gallons of water. Down the centre runs the main core

THE REMOVAL OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY TO HISTORIC HURSTMONCEAUX—THE CELEBRATED BUILDING WHICH IS TO REPLACE GREENWICH AS A CENTRE FOR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION: The move was planned to begin last year, but it was delayed through lack of accommodation for the Observatory staff of 120. Now the Ministry of Health has given permission for the erection of twenty prefabricated houses, and workmen have already arrived at Hurstmonceaux to make preparations for erecting the new buildings and for the modification of the castle interior. Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, hopes to start work in Sussex in March next year. The decision to move the Royal Observatory from Greenwich is because the smoke ascending from the industrialised area round Greenwich has a markedly serious effect upon atmospheric transparency, and this, in turn, affects the accuracy of astronomical observations and the taking of photographic records. Greenwich will still retain its quartz clocks and all the complicated apparatus that goes to the calculation of Greenwich Mean Time, and Admiralty chronometers and watches will doubtless continue to be supplied and repaired by the Observatory. Hurstmonceaux, which has been sold to the Admiralty by Sir Paul Latham, was built in the reign of Henry VI by Sir Roger de Fienes, one of the heroes of Agincourt, and with its beautifully-mellowed red brick, its turrets and its picturesque moat it is one of the architectural glories of the Sussex countryside and a gem of medieval architecture

MINING FOR GOLD ON VIGRA MOUNTAIN : Blocks of quartz are taken from the mine and wheeled along a narrow-gauge railway to be tipped into the ore bin for crushing. This mine, known as the Craigwen, is the only one in Snowdonia still carrying on the tradition of the Welsh gold-mining industry. Its owner has offered to provide the gold for Princess Elizabeth's wedding-ring. On the northern slope of Vigra Mountain is the once-famous Clogan mine, which produced 114,000 ounces of gold in its heyday

THE OWNER AND MANAGER DO ALL THE WORK : Toiling by the light of a candle they drill and hammer at the gold-bearing quartz from which they afterwards extract the concentrates. At Craigwen they are working the same reef as that followed by Snowdonia's Clogan mine

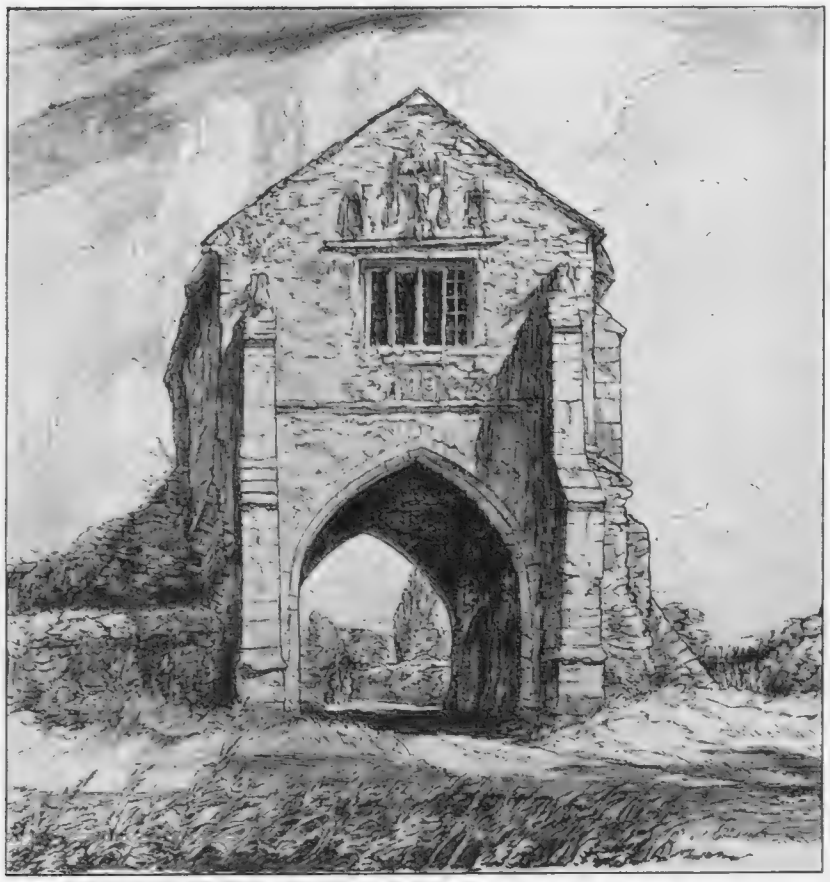
GOLD AND SLATE

FROM the HEIGHTS of SNOWDONIA

Mining and Quarrying in the Wilds of Wales

Wales has many contributions to make to the modern world, a fact that was ingeniously demonstrated to visitors to the Industrial Wales Exhibition which has been taking place during the past fortnight at Olympia. Coal and tin-plate, of course, dominate Welsh industrial economy in the south, but in the wilds of the north, the grim region of Snowdonia, there are men who earn a good living as slate quarriers and as gold-miners. The slate workers have a particularly vital task at the present moment, for Mr. Bevan is relying on much of the output of the Dinorwic quarries to cover, before the frosts set in, the thousands of now only half-completed houses. Gold-mining in Snowdonia is on a truly modest scale these days, but time was when it was a mightily thriving industry. In the nineteenth century the Clogan mine, indeed, produced many thousands of ounces of fine gold, its total production being estimated in 1907 at 114,308 ozs. To-day the Craigwen mine can claim no such records, but it has contributed the gold ore now on view at the Industrial Wales Exhibition and offered to Princess Elizabeth for her wedding-ring.

A FORWARD POST IN BRITAIN'S BATTLE FOR HOUSING PRODUCTION : *Left*—Boring the rock-face in the Dinorwic slate quarries on Elidir Mountain, Snowdonia, before putting in blasting charges. *Right*—A train-load of slate blocks leaving for the dressing-sheds after descending the mountain incline in the Dinorwic quarries : 1,800 men are employed in these quarries on Elidir Mountain. Production to-day is 35 per cent. higher than it was at the beginning of the year, and it is still going up. The slates are absolutely vital to maintain the West Country housing programme and to provide roofs for the numerous houses which must be completed before the weather breaks



THE ANCIENT GATEHOUSE APPROACH TO CLEEVE ABBEY, THE CELEBRATED SOMERSET MONASTERY WHERE THE BELLS OF THREE LONDON CHURCHES WERE SENT FOR SAFE KEEPING DURING THE WAR: Cleeve Abbey is approached through this interesting structure. It dates apparently from the thirteenth century, with later additions of a Perpendicular window and doorway. Above the window is a figure of Christ flanked by two empty niches. Over the doorway appears the Latin inscription which may be translated: "Gate, be thou ever open—Closed to no honest man." On the inside face is inscribed the name of William Dovell, the last Abbot. The upkeep of Cleeve Abbey is in the care of the Luttrell family of Dunster Castle, who carefully guard this gem of domestic ecclesiastical architecture

On right—**ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE QUADRANGLE AT CLEEVE ABBEY IS THE REFECTORY:** This is a finely proportioned chamber. A painting of the Crucifixion is still partly visible

LONDON CHURCH BELLS ON A SOMERSET ESTATE

A "Sphere" Artist Visits Cleeve Abbey and Dunster Castle

(Drawings by W. P. Robins)

A few miles from Minehead, along the main road to Taunton, lie Cleeve Abbey and Dunster Castle. They form together the celebrated estate of the Luttrell family, the one a remarkable example of a Cistercian monastery, the other a twelfth-century stronghold strategically placed among the wooded hills and commanding the main highway.

Visitors to the cloisters at Cleeve Abbey will be surprised to find a massive array of bells, thirteen evacuees from wartime London, and it has yet to be decided when these will be returned to the towers of St. Bartholomew the Great, St. Bartholomew the Less and St. Andrew Undershaft. The bells are ranged in order of size along the walls of the Abbey cloisters, and their tongues, which have marked so much of the pageant of London history, have been silent for more than seven years now. The three churches from which they were taken all survived the blitz more or less intact. Six of the bells belong to St. Andrew Undershaft, five to St. Bartholomew

(Continued below on right)

DUNSTER CASTLE'S GLORIOUS SETTING—which includes Cleeve Abbey, where th only one change of ownership since t

the Great, and the two smallest, fittingly enough, to the diminutive Church of St. Bartholomew the Less. Most of them were the work of Robertus Mot, and bear the date 1597; one is by Eldrige of Chertsey, and dates from Stuart times. The domestic buildings of Cleeve Abbey are well preserved, and give a remarkable insight into the life of the Cistercian community until the monastery was surrendered at the Dissolution by the last Abbot, William Dovell. The principal buildings are arranged round three sides of a quadrangle, the regular arrangement for a Cistercian monastery. The cloisters, where the bells are preserved, are on the western side. Opening into the cloisters is the Chapter House, with a charming English doorway flanked by two graceful windows. The ancient gatehouse at Cleeve is particularly fine.

Dunster Castle lies about three miles from Cleeve Abbey, and it has long been the ancestral home of the Luttrell family.

THE THREE CELEBRATED CITY CHURCHES WHICH EVACUATED THEIR BELLS FROM LONDON AND THEMSELVES ESCAPED SEVERE DAMAGE IN THE BLITZ: *Left*—St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, which has always been associated with the monk Rahere, one of Henry I's courtiers. *Centre*—St. Bartholomew the Less, originally the hospital church, dates from about the year 1150, although the main structure has been much altered in modern times. It is one of the smallest of the London city churches. *Right*—St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street. The term "undershaft" relates to the tall maypole, higher than the steeple, set up every May Day in the middle of Leadenhall Street. The practice continued throughout the fifteenth century

THE BATTLEMENTS TOWERING ABOVE THE WOODED SLOPES WHICH OVERLOOK THE CELEBRATED DUNSTER LAWNS AND POLO GROUNDS: The Dunster Castle estate, to which London church bells are preserved, belongs to the Luttrell family. Four massive battlemented towers survive from the original De Mohun Castle. There has been little change since Norman days. This was when Lady Ivando Mohun sold her castle to Lady Elizabeth Luttrell for 5,000 marks. The castle was besieged during the Civil War

THE LONDON BELLS AT CLEEVE ABBEY—THE EVACUEES WHICH HAVE NOT RETURNED FROM THEIR COUNTRY SOJOURN: They have been preserved since the outbreak of war in the cloisters on the western side of the Cistercian monastery. The great bell on the left, dated 1597, comes from the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft. It is 41¼ ins. in diameter and bears the words "Robertus Mot Me Fecit." Six of the bells belong to St. Andrew's, five to St. Bartholomew the Great, and the two smallest to St. Bartholomew the Less. All thirteen were cast before the Great Fire. When they will return to the City is not at present known

News of the Little Ships

GRIMSBY'S LATEST NETTER

GAS TURBINES for an M.G.B.

All last week the deep-sea fishing vessel *De Aston* was at work in the fishing-grounds of the North Sea. For her owners, Messrs. Tom Sleight, of Grimsby, it was a maiden voyage fraught with the deepest interest, as the *De Aston*, based on the famed Seine netters, is a type that has brought great rewards to the fishermen of Denmark and Sweden. Several attempts have been made in England to follow this specification. One of these ships was not a marked success, her winching gear breaking down on her first haul, but there are high hopes that the *De Aston* will prove herself. She was due to return from her maiden voyage last week-end. If her performance has been good it may be she will be the forerunner of a whole fleet which will bring a new mechanical efficiency to ease the unremitting work of our deep-sea fishermen

A BRITISH-BUILT SEINE-TYPE NETTER: The fishing-boat "De Aston," owned by Messrs. Tom Sleight, of Grimsby, has been built at Barton-on-Humber to a Danish specification, and it is expected to prove its worth in the East Coast fishing-grounds. The "De Aston" can carry 475 kits of fish and, with its powerful 120-h.p. engines, can make fast time

THE "DE ASTON" RUNS HER TRIALS: The new type fishing-boat seen during a shake-down cruise off the East Coast. She is built entirely to Danish specifications, but based on the Seine netter

THE FIRST NAVAL GAS TURBINE CRAFT SHOWS HER PACES—THE M.G.B. 2009 TRAVELLING AT SPEED WHEN RUNNING HER TRIALS IN THE SOLENT: The marine application of the gas turbine obviates the vibration and certain other disadvantages of the conventional reciprocating internal-combustion engine. The turbine has been designed and built by Metropolitan-Vickers, of Manchester, and the installation is of an experimental character.

The 2009 (which is shown from another angle in the inset above) is a triple-screw 110-ft. M.G.B. operating from the Coastal Forces base at Gosport. During the demonstration run to just beyond the Nab Tower the 2009 was started from rest without any preparatory warming-up, and she quickly reached full power. The unit produces remarkable power for its space and weight, and the Admiralty already have further promising developments in hand, one being the construction of a marine gas turbine sufficiently powerful to propel an escort vessel. In the gas turbine gas instead of steam is used to rotate the turbine, and the gas is produced in a generator of similar type to that used in a jet-propelled aircraft, although the ship is not jet-propelled. An axial flow compressor supplies air under pressure to the combustion chamber burning Diesel fuel, and the hot gases are expanded through a two-stage turbine to drive the compressor, and finally through a four-stage turbine coupled with the propeller shaft by gears. The power from the jet is converted into a rotary motion to drive the conventional shaft and propeller

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ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH IS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC: The celebrated Wren church in Cannon Street, on the corner of St. Swithin's Lane, was very severely damaged in the blitz. Since the blitz, seats have been provided for City workers in the precincts, and flower-beds have been cultivated there. As a result, it became a favourite lunchtime haunt of City workers. Now it has been decided that its scarred walls and tower are dangerous and it has been closed to the public. St. Swithin's was built by Wren in 1678 on the site of an earlier church

BREAKING UP THE OLD "WARSPITE": Men at work on the battleship, which went ashore at Prussia Cove when on her way to the shipbreakers' yard in the early part of the year. The ship has been acquired by two Bristol firms, and most of the wreck will be taken away by sea. Fittings and some other parts will be auctioned. Mr. G. Bennett, who is helping to supervise the work and represents one of the purchasing firms, declined to reveal the purchase price

WHERE THERE IS AN EVER-PRESENT THREAT OF FIRE: A view from one of the watch-towers of Thetford Chase Forest, Norfolk, showing one of the paths laid out for the use of fire-fighting squads. During many weeks of drought the fire squads have been keeping the closest vigilance, and, at the slightest sign of smoke on the horizon, the watchers report the relevant bearings to their headquarters. Last year fire destroyed 1,100 acres of woodland in Britain

EIGHTY YEARS TENDING SHEEP ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS: Known throughout Wiltshire as Farmer Frank, ninety-year-old Frank Whatley has been a shepherd since 1867. He and his father have tended sheep in the county for 130 years without a break. All his nine brothers were shepherds too. He regularly goes to Trowbridge Market and mingles with friends whom he has seen grow up from childhood. But he was puzzled when last week they clubbed round and handed him £20 as a birthday gift. Reward for his labours has never worried him

FROM THE COURTYARD OF THE SUN HOTEL: The tower of Dedham Church. The main portion of the building dates from the early years of the sixteenth century

IN THE HEART OF THE CONSTABLE COUNTRY—THE CELEBRATED SUN HOTEL AT DEDHAM HAS WITNESSED MORE THAN 400 YEARS OF HISTORY: It rises at the west end of the market-place and was a busy point of call on the main coaching route from Ipswich and Yarmouth to London and the towns and villages of Essex

Dedham and Flatford are in the very heart of the Constable country, and their associations with the great landscapist have brought them enduring fame. Dedham, however, had a vital place in the life of East Anglia long before Constable was born at neighbouring East Bergholt. The old town lay on the main coaching route from Ipswich to Colchester and London, and life in Dedham largely centred round the Sun Hotel. On market days, and, above all, at the Easter Fair, Dedham has always been thronged, and its textile exchange throve so exceedingly that the merchants of Dedham were able to build fine houses in the main street, houses which are being preserved under the terms of the Town and Country Planning Act. Since 1932 the Sun has been much altered. The spacious stalls and granaries have been removed, but the emblem of the rising sun, badge of more than one Plantagenet, is still there, as also is its fine ironwork frame. Earlier this year Dedham was in the forefront of the news when protests were registered by Sir Alfred Munnings and other artists against the erection of a waterworks near the town.

History in Stone

MAINLY FROM CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY

The Antiquities of Dedham, Flatford, and Hatfield Broad Oak

THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF CORFE—THE CASTLE RUINS ON THEIR STEEP GREEN MOUND DOMINATE THE DORSETSHIRE VILLAGE OF THE SAME NAME: The castle stands on the site of a hunting lodge at the gate of which Edward the Martyr was murdered by his stepmother in 978

War may have changed in a hundred ways since medieval days, but one thing has remained the same. The infantry soldier, now as then, must take the fullest advantage of the ground at his disposal. For this very aspect Corfe Castle, the old Dorsetshire fortress, is of the most fascinating interest. It could not have been built in a better strategic position, commanding from its eminence the road to Dorchester and the south-west. The man who held Corfe, indeed, held the key to a vast area of countryside. Corfe in Norman and medieval times was the scene of many dark deeds, including the murder of Edward the Martyr, and later the murder of twenty knights by the orders of King John. In 1643 Corfe was gallantly defended against the Roundheads by Lady Bankes, who put to flight the besiegers, and it was only taken in a subsequent siege through the treachery of one of the garrison. In 1643 Lady Bankes herself played a man's part, taking charge of the defence of the middle ward. It is recorded that she heaved hot stones and embers over the battlements to repel the half-drunken attackers

FLATFORD HAS A NEW PURPOSE

One advantage of a vigorous Press is that it is always ready to air the views of those who see our liberties being trampled upon or some part of our architectural heritage in danger. Defenders of the Constable country are legion, and twice in the past eighteen months they have been into action; on the first occasion to protest against the non-admission of the public to Flatford Mill and Willy Lott's Cottage, following the renting of these places to the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies; and, secondly, because of the threat to erect a waterworks in the little town of Dedham. The criticisms regarding Flatford were evidently unheeded, for the latest pictures from the celebrated Suffolk beauty spot show students in the full enjoyment of their spacious quarters. The premises, which have been taken over by the Council, include the Mill House, the Warden's residence, Willy Lott's Cottage (providing bedrooms and a common-room for women students) and the Mill itself, which includes a ten and a six-bed dormitory; the refectory, the Reid Moir Library, the advanced (Balfour-Browne) laboratory and the Constable Room, a large, well-lighted studio-workroom where the main field laboratory, art and class work is done.

On left—**THE VALLEY FARM AT FLATFORD : A group of students outside the fine old half-timbered house**

PAINTING WILLY LOTT'S COTTAGE : A class of students in the lane outside the celebrated house which Constable immortalised in one of his works. Now, together with Flatford Mill and other buildings at East Bergholt, it has been leased from the National Trust by the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies. Students go there to study geology, botany, zoology, biology and other subjects

IT IS POSSIBLE TO WALK ROUND THIS SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FIREPLACE AT THE VALLEY FARM : Students are seen at work in the cool living-room. The farm is one of several buildings taken over by the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies

On left—

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH OF HATFIELD BROAD OAK : The leafy approach to the ancient church which lies on the fringe of the Constable country. The Parish of Hatfield Regis or Hatfield Broad Oak is the third largest in the county of Essex, and the chief pride lies in its church. A church was built on the present site in Saxon times and it is mentioned in the Domesday Book as having had in its possession certain lands which Suene, the Sheriff of Essex, had appropriated to his own use. When the manor fell into the hands of King William by conquest, he gave a portion of the tithes and the patronage of the Church to his half-sister's husband, Alberic or Aubrey de Vere. In 1135 his grandson Alberic, the first Earl of Oxford, founded at Hatfield a monastery of monks of the Benedictine Order, affiliating it to the great Abbey of St. Melanius at Rennes, in Brittany. The entrances from the cloister alleys into the parochial church are still visible in the north wall, that on the west being the doorway of the brick vestry, erected by Sir John Barrington about the year 1800. Two of the piers of the central tower were erected about the year 1170. The monastic portion of the original church was sold in 1536. The present church has many objects of historical interest, including carved portraits, shields and memorials dating back to the time of its original building

READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF: Mr. Bernard Lynch giving a ground demonstration of how a pilot prepares in an emergency to eject himself from his fast-flying plane by pulling a blind over his face. This fires a cartridge which ejects him, still sitting in his seat, clear of the aeroplane's slip-stream, and it also protects his face from the rush of air as he is hurled upwards at a speed of 60 ft. a second. The actual ejection takes only one-fifth of a second at a force equal to twenty-three times the force of gravity

THE MARTIN PILOT-EJECTION SEAT UNDERGOES ITS SUPREME TEST: Bernard I. Lynch (right) about to be taken aloft from Chalgrove Airport, Oxfordshire, in a specially-adapted two-seater Gloster Meteor III jet fighter. A few minutes later he was ejected from the machine when flying at 500 m.p.h. It was the first time that the device had ever been used at such a speed. In his latest experiment last week Mr. Lynch, once again used the pilot-ejection seat invented by Mr. James Martin, head of the firm of Martin Baker Aircraft. This seat has now been adopted as standard for all R.A.F. jet fighters, as it overcomes with complete success the many problems confronting a flyer wishing to extricate himself when confronted by disaster at high speed. After Mr. Lynch had been ejected clear of the slipstream of the Gloster Meteor he pulled the rip-cord of his own parachute preparatory to making a 12,000-ft. descent in the normal manner. Mr. Lynch had previously made two emergency landings at slower speeds. He declared on this latest occasion that he experienced no difficulty whatever. Last week's experiment was observed by watchers from the ground with the aid of field-glasses. It was noted that when Mr. Lynch was safely away from the aircraft, a drogue was released to keep the seat steady in mid-air

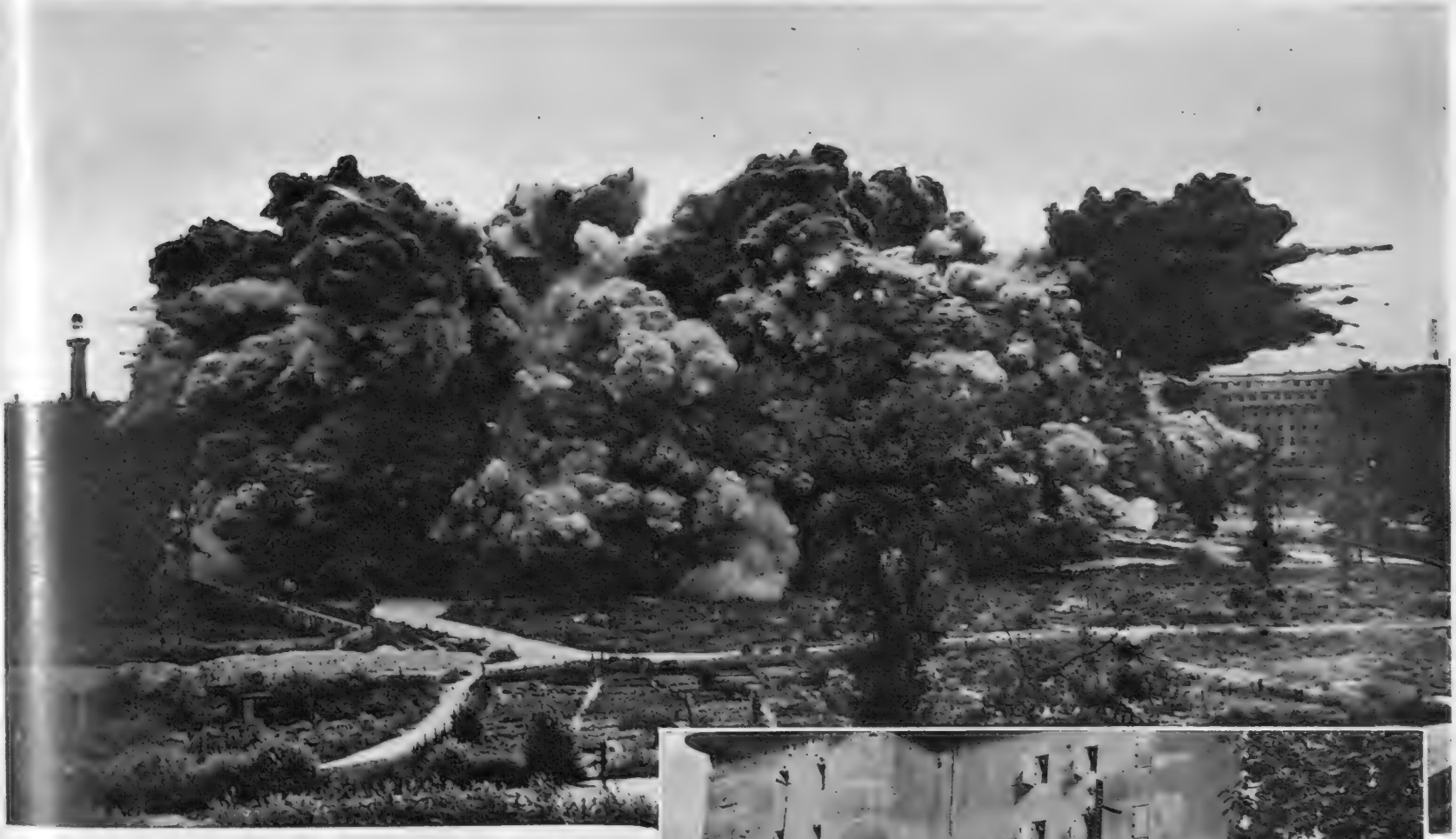
BERNARD LYNCH DEMONSTRATES THE ART OF PILOT EJECTION

Preparing for Cobb's Record Attempt: "Pluto" Line guishes on the Beach

"PLUTO" STILL HAUNTS THE SOUTH COAST—ONE OF THE GIANT PIPELINE-HOLDERS AGROUND AT LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA, WHERE, IT APPEARS, NO ATTEMPT IS AT PRESENT BEING MADE AT SALVAGE: A great part of the celebrated pipeline, which fed under the sea millions of gallons of precious oil and fuel to the Allied invasion forces in Normandy and Brittany, has already been collected. The "Empire Ridley" and the "Empire Taw," two vessels of the Marine Salvage Company, have been hauling in the line between the Isle of Wight and Cherbourg. Altogether there are 400 miles of "Pluto," each mile weighing 63 tons. The lead contained in the line is, of course, proving of vital value to industry, and doubtless the drum at Littlestone will be removed in due course

THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS: Across 14½ miles of the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, the driver of this strange equipage has been marking out a long, straight black line. The line was to help John Cobb keep a straight course in his attempt to break his own world land speed record

THE BLACK LINE ACROSS THE UTAH DESERT: A rear view of the vehicle as it painted the marker line on the concrete-hard salt flats at Bonneville. It was at this same spot that Cobb broke the record before the war with a speed of 369·7 m.p.h. At the time of writing he is all set for his first post-war attempt. One of the greatest problems in high-speed motoring is to obtain tyres which will stand up to the terrific strain involved. Cobb took with him to Utah fifty tyres for his Railton



A BIG BANG AND A VAST CLOUD OF SMOKE AND DUST: This great mushrooming cloud was caused by the explosion of 50,000 lb. of T.N.T. inside Berlin's massive flak tower in the Tiergarten. But the tower, in which 30,000 people used to shelter from air raids, withstood the blast. Although the interior crumbled, the 150-ft.-high walls still stand. The tower cost 45,000,000 marks to build, 80,000 tons of ferro-concrete was used in its construction and, so far, £3,000 has been spent in the work of destruction. *On right*—Berliners surveying the scene after the explosion. They were inclined to be a trifle derisive of the British efforts

Berliners smiled, laughed and cheered when their mighty flak tower in the Tiergarten withstood the impact of 50,000-lb. of T.N.T. laid by British engineers. After the smoke and dust had cleared away they gathered round the massive walls and on the lips of many were heard the words "Deutsche Wertarbeit," a phrase coined by the Nazis to denote good workmanship. The building was disembowelled by the explosions, but the walls appear as formidable as ever. In addition to its use as a shelter, the flak tower, as its name indicates, accommodated anti-aircraft guns, which from the vantage point of the summit were capable of directing high- and low-angle fire on the daylight raiders which in the later stages of the war were constantly over Berlin. Since the close of hostilities the tower has been occupied by some of Berlin's homeless, and they are deeply critical of the fact that the British should create further destruction in a city already to such a degree laid waste and so hopelessly overcrowded.

THE BOYS ON THE FRINGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

Perpetrators of Every Shady Deal That Evades Rather than Breaks the Law

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE word "spiv" which, until a year ago, was a phrase confined almost entirely to race gangs and the Underworld, is now one of the most commonly used by politicians and newspapers. Minister after Minister, the latest being Mr. Isaacs, virtuously announce that they are going to make the spivs do an honest day's work and thus aid the Labour programme. Unfortunately, there is no legal definition of a spiv, though some cynics say that a spiv is a drone who went to the wrong school!

Originally, spivs were bookmakers' runners. To-day, it is generally understood that a spiv is somebody who lives by his wits on the border-line of the Law, without having the courage to commit actual physical violence, or even to turn thief. It was not a spiv, therefore, who a few days ago stole all the ridge tiles and most of the lead from my roof in Gloucester Place, near Portman Square. No spiv would have the courage to do this. (It is not a bad idea, by the way, for any householder in a large town to take an occasional look at his roof to see whether he has not been robbed in this way during the summer months. There have been four other cases of it in Marylebone alone during the past few weeks.) No, but it could well have been a spiv who tipped off the burglars to steal the lead. The same spiv, no doubt, would negotiate the sale of the lead to a small builder or metal merchant—lead now being in short supply.

The present variety of spiv dates back to Rainbow Corner, Piccadilly Circus, 1942, when the first Americans came to Britain. According to ex-Superintendent John Sands, formerly one of Scotland Yard's Big Five, the spivs' activities began with the buying and selling of watches, fountain-pens, cameras and even revolvers acquired on the Continent. After that they started operating in almost everything which was in short supply.

Petrol coupons, clothing coupons and hams have all been bought and sold at considerable profit. It must be remembered that 1942 was a typically bad year from the point of view of Army deserters. There are still, officially, 20,000 deserters from the British, American, Polish, Belgian and other armed forces. Many of the British "deserters" never joined the Army at all. They simply dodged the call-up. The fact remains that there are all these men who have no ration books. They are, therefore, compelled to live by their wits. Their identity cards and/or Army papers are such that they cannot possibly present them to *bona fide* employers if they ever want to do an honest job of work.

From now onwards the spivs are going to have a more fruitful time than ever. The complete cessation of the basic petrol on December 1 will mean that the already overworked police will have to spend and waste a great deal of time in checking motorists on the subject of pleasure travel, when they would be far better employed in breaking up the Black Market and all the other illegal dealings in goods in short supply.

The greater austerities with which we are threatened are an asset, not a liability to the true spiv. More people, sickened by the inability of the Government to formulate a constructive policy which will lead Great Britain back to prosperity, will be tempted to buy things illegally with the pound notes which will have still less to buy through the ordinary channels. This is where the spiv benefits.

The real trouble is that ever since a famous case which involved a distinguished septuagenarian in Hyde Park many years ago, the police's power to interrogate doubtful characters has been very much limited. Many people, of course, will say that the last thing in the world we want to become is a police-ridden nation. The fact remains that police officers wearing uniform or plain clothes should be allowed not only to demand to see identity cards, but to interrogate suspects as to their permanent address; to ask for details of their registration for National Service; and to check their claims (if any) to have been rejected on medical grounds. If, after that, the police officer is not satisfied, the matter should be reported to his station, which would then take it up with the area where the spiv or spivs claim to have been registered. If it were then discovered that the story is absolutely untrue, the original police officer could then be detailed to "bring him in," after which the spiv would be brought up before a magistrate.

The trouble with the spiv is that he is much more difficult to catch than the ordinary crook, who specialises in some particular form of crime such as pick-pocketing or burglary. He indulges in a variety of petty Black Market transactions which are hard to detect.

There is only one exception to this—many spivs have gone one step farther, and are now living on the immoral earnings of women. In this connection, ex-Superintendent John Sands believes in the institution of night police courts, such as those I have personally attended in New York. The benefit of all-night courts is that the women are much more likely to give evidence against this type of man when they are feeling furious with him, than if the matter is left over for a few hours; for, by this time, the woman's antagonism may have cooled off, or she may have been threatened with violence if she gives evidence. Night courts, with immediate hearing of cases, would help a great deal in coping with spivs.

It is quite true that identity cards can be easily faked, unlike passports. At the same time, they are at least a partial protection against suspected persons who claim to be other than they are, provided that the police can check them properly.

Dog-racing and horse-racing attract the spivs in large numbers, and periodic checks on the crowds would yield much useful information. Though spivs have been with us in one form or another since the beginning of the century, the present breed are mostly in the twenties or thirties. The cartoonists who draw them with heavily-padded shoulders, tight waists, rather full trousers and pointed shoes are only exaggerating slightly. There is no question that the spivs are flashily dressed. Incidentally, none of them have bank accounts; they carry large wads of pound notes and fivers with them. Perhaps you have heard the story of the spiv who went to a West End firm of motor-car dealers quite recently and, having discovered that one of the cars was priced at £4,500, said that he would have it and returned with a suitcase full of one-pound notes. The salesman had, in the meantime, informed the proprietor, who was ready for the man when he returned. He said: "My salesman is quite right in saying that the price of this car is £4,500, but he should have told you that that means by cheque. The price is £6,500 for cash—in notes." The spiv looked admiringly at him. He said, "You're a tough one, Guv'nor. . . ." He then went off and returned half an hour later with another £2,000. . . .

It is pleasant to think that the cut in the basic ration has, at least, depreciated the value of this car very considerably in a matter of weeks. This cut, however, will benefit the spivs twice over—not only because the police will be too busy checking motorists to carry out their usual commitments, but because Black Market petrol is one of the spivs' most lucrative forms of livelihood. Petrol itself is too dangerous to handle, but coupons are another matter. Quite a simple method of acquiring petrol coupons is to buy them from dishonest long-distance truck-drivers who always have to carry extra coupons in case they are diverted *en route*. A 50-gallon coupon can easily change hands for a five-pound note.

Car hire is another racket of the spivs which was very lucrative at the tail-end of the war, when taxis were still scarce, and before the basic petrol allowance was restored. They will thrive again this winter, charging extortionate prices to take late revellers home. Officially, they are not allowed to pick up fares unless they have been ordered in advance, and to protect the taxi-cab drivers from this form of piracy, Scotland Yard had to employ what were called Carriage Officers outside the leading hotels.

It so happens that in England, despite the Black Market in food, furnishings, fur coats and the like, there is, so far, no Black Market in currency—unlike the Continent. But if this particular racket ever starts in England the spivs will be on to it. In fact, it would not suprise me to be told that they are already planning to operate in English, American and Continental currency, though still in a small way. There was that recent item of news about brand-new pound notes being bought in the United States for 12s. 6d. and then brought back over here. No doubt that was spiv money.

Before the Coronation of the present King and Queen the police had a real round-up of the West End to protect foreign visitors. Next year the Olympic Games will take place in this country. This event is bound to attract people from all over the world, and the spivs, if left alone, should reap a rich harvest. They are, in fact, bound to do so unless the C.I.D. are given much greater powers in the very near future.

HERE TO STUDY BRITISH POLICE METHODS: British Police Control Officer A. R. Minter, an ex-Detective-Inspector of New Scotland Yard, with the six German police officials from the British Zone of Germany whom he is taking round Southern England on a three-weeks tour. One week is being spent at Scotland Yard, one week at the Home Office Training School in Kent, and a third week at Southampton. All six of the German officers were dismissed from their police posts under the Nazi regime

THREE MEN WITH HEAVY SENTENCES ARRIVE IN LONDON FROM PALESTINE: The men, wearing civilian clothes, are escorted across Euston Station wearing handcuffs. One of them is serving twelve years (with three already remitted) for selling Sten guns, another is serving six years for insubordination, and the third three years for desertion

HISTORICAL FILM: CONTEMPORARY PLAYS

Some New Productions of Stage and Screen

"PRINNY" AT BRIGHTON PAVILION: A scene from the filming of "The First Gentleman," with Cecil Parker as the Prince Regent and Joan Hopkins as Princess Charlotte. Rather than reconstruct the domes and minarets of John Nash's Pavilion in the studio, Columbia-British took a production unit to Brighton for the 1815 sequence of the screen version of Norman Ginsbury's play *The First Gentleman*. The episode is that in which "Prinny" orders banquets and fireworks displays in his own honour. In the meantime, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (played by Jean-Pierre Aumont) returns to England to claim the hand in marriage of Princess Charlotte. The Prince Regent has reluctantly to consent

THE COLOUR QUESTION IN AMERICA: A scene in the second act of "Deep Are the Roots," at Wyndham's Theatre, with, on the left, Allan Jeayes as Senator Langdon and Patrick Barr as Howard Merrick; in the centre, Gordon Heath as Brett Charles; and, on the right, Faith Brook as Alice Langdon, the Senator's elder daughter. *Deep Are the Roots*, by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, tells the story of an American negro soldier, who has served with distinction in the last war, has been received in England without racial prejudice and who returns to his home in the Deep South of America to become the victim of all the old bigotry. It is dramatically told, the problem becoming intensely personal when the Senator's younger daughter, Genevra (Betsy Drake), falls in love with him

FRANCES DAY WITH THE "ANIMATED PEN-WIPER": A Yorkshire terrier causes trouble in the new American comedy "Separate Rooms," at the Strand Theatre. Left and centre are Hal Thompson and Anthony Forward. Broadway's latest contribution to the London stage is this new quick-fire comedy, child of the collaboration of Joseph Carole, Alan Dinehart, Alex Gottlieb and Edmund Joseph

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE DECIDES TO LEAVE HIM: Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson in J. B. Priestley's new play, "The Linden Tree," at the Duchess Theatre. Professor Linden is at odds with the new educationists at his university, but he refuses to resign. His wife, weary of the drab surroundings in which they have spent so many years, sees in his resignation the chance to get away. Opportunity is there in a fine country mansion just bought by their financially successful son, who describes himself as a "super spiv." J. B. Priestley has dealt with his theme dramatically, topically and entertainingly

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BERNARD FALK DELVES AMONG THE MONTAGUES

Evelyn Webster's Fine Picture of Rural Portugal: More Tales of Detection

RESEARCHES into a great English family which first won great wealth and position in the seventeenth century are apt to uncover as many of the notorious as of the famous, and as many cranks and originals as sound family men. THE WAY OF THE MONTAGUES (Hutchinson. 21s.) is an almost perfect example of the richness and variety of this kind of intrepid delving, for in this the indefatigable Mr. Bernard Falk has included not only the Montagues of the time, Dukes of Montagu, Earls of Sandwich and of Halifax, but all the famous people, from kings to courtesans, who were their contemporaries.

That, at least, is how it must appear at a first reading. The book's crowded 300 pages and more obviously need a second. There is much meat here, and some rich sauce; two of the ingredients which are likely to appeal to us, bleak islanders, who have yet been able to produce some of the most extravagant figures of history, from whatever point of view that term is judged.

There is nothing epoch-making about Miss Evelyn Webster's MOUNTAIN OF THE STAR (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.): as far as its intrigues of loves and jealousies are concerned it is definitely just another novel, of the type which uses "foreign" characteristics as an excuse to simplify the motives, passions and actions of its protagonists. As a picture of rural Portugal, however, it has considerable charm and real interest, and for that I commend it.

At the University of Coimbra, at a date which is not specified, but which includes Ford cars, there is a young aristocrat and, among his friends, the young son of a goatherd whose family has scraped and saved in order to give him the education that his talents seem to demand. The well-born young man has three pretty sisters, with one of whom the peasant is in love, though he dies before his feelings can be an embarrassment to the lady, who only has a sentimental regard for him. Her brother, on the other hand, is passionately though not tenaciously in love with a lovely peasant girl who, when she finds herself about to bear his child, chooses a husband among her own kind, without any very spirited opposition from the young *conde*. As a romance, this little book rates no more than average marks. As the work of someone who loves Portugal and tries to convey something of its essential charm, it is far more successful.

Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson's THE ARROW AND THE SWORD (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is described as "An Essay in Detection," but that detection is of a very special sort, since it is an examination of the deaths of William Rufus, who was killed by an arrow in the New Forest, and Thomas à Becket, who was killed by a sword in Canterbury Cathedral. The suggestion is that these two famous crimes may have been cases of ritual murder, and that their source may be found in an ancient and pre-Christian tradition, ages old.

The literary result of all this is a strange and scholarly work which is a formidable but not impossible exercise for the average intellect.

When such writers as Miss Gladys Mitchell and Miss Agatha Christie speak of detection, they use the word in its most popular sense, and I take popular, on this occasion, to mean "designed to gain the favour of the common people." Now, since there must in any large community be a preponderance of common people, such writing must come under the heading of excellent and public-spirited actions, and the two ladies are to be congratulated and their work warmly appreciated.

Of the two books under present review, perhaps Miss Christie's most exactly deserves this reaction. Although it is a collection of very short short stories—not the most readable of forms when found *en masse*—each of the tales has such clean-cut construction, and such an amusing central device to hold them together, that the result is as satisfying as it is entertaining.

In spite of a cover design which purports to show a pekingese dog, and to my mind shows a hirsute civil servant refusing a petrol allowance, THE LABOURS OF HERCULES (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) is a very neat job, and Miss Christie's dapper little detective, Hercule Poirot, has never been in brisker or more complacent form. About to retire, he decides only to take those cases which have some extraordinary feature about them; to undertake twelve such cases, and then to turn to the cultivation of vegetable marrows.

He solves his twelve mysteries, and the only question with which the reader is left is the possibility that, like a prima donna, the little Hercules may be entering on a series of brilliant farewell performances.

WHITE MAN BURDEN: George Murray riding a four-year-old lion at a Buffalo, New York, circus performance. Lion-riding acts are a rarity, and to ride a four-year-old is considered a tremendous feat among circus folk, as young lions are markedly uncertain in temperament

Miss Gladys Mitchell is not at her very best in DEATH AND THE MAIDEN (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), although, as a sincere admirer of hers, it pains me to say so. As ever, her writing is distinguished, her wit of a special order, and the convolutions of her plot as elegant as a baroque picture-frame. But is there, could there be, something just a little *silly* about the set-up this time? Something too rarefied for even the inimitable Mrs. Bradley to redeem with her own caustic common sense?

That is for several thousand readers to decide. In the meantime, there are some enchanting descriptions of Winchester and its water meadows, some delightfully acid characterisation, and the one moment of real, chilling horror that is becoming the hall-mark of a Genuine Mitchell.

GEORGIA BOY (Falcon Press. 6s.) is a collection of short stories, or, more exactly, character sketches, of an erratic but far from dull family living in the Southern States, and answering, if at all to the name of Stroup. Father is possibly the most erratic of them all, but Ma is pretty good in a fight, and the wayward Uncle Ned is always ready with such sterling advice as "You just go ahead and be a good Stroup like I told you."

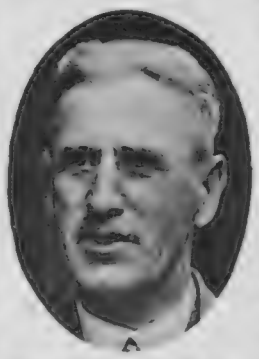
Mr. Erskine Caldwell, whose creations these are, is also the author of that amazing play *Tobacco Road*, which ran for no less than seven years in New York. He is particularly strong on local colour, and these little tales, being extremely localised, may have only a mild interest for an English public, although some of them are funny in an outrageous way. I cite especially the story of the five goats on the roof the day Ma had invited the Ladies' Social Circle to tea.

SINGAPORE, AND AFTER

Another Book About the Far Eastern Debacle, and the Years of Bondage

Since the war's end quite a number of writers have attempted to tell the story of the fall of Singapore, the chaos of the days of disaster, and the years of captivity and toil that followed in the hands of the Japanese. None of these books has been wholly acceptable: there have been too many reservations; the desire not to offend the officers, only a proportion of whom were truly self-sacrificing or willing to accept responsibility, has been uppermost in the minds of some writers. There has been a tendency, too, not to reveal the inevitable vagaries of human nature that made some men selfish in the face of hardship and made some men saints, although perhaps John Coast in his recent book was forthright enough. Possibly the best effort so far on this Eastern debacle is that of Ronald Hastain, whose WHITE COOLIE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) has just made its appearance. In its descriptive writing it is first-class. The last hours in Singapore are presented in graphic fashion, as also is the establishment of the prisoner-of-war camp at Changi, where, somehow or other, the army maintained its morale and learnt how to bear itself with dignity amid the indignity of defeat. Beyond Chunghai, where so many thousands of prisoners sooner or later found themselves constructing the "railway of death," the Japanese lifeline linking Bangkok with Rangoon, things were very different, and Mr. Hastain tells the story with admirable clarity. It cannot be denied, however, that he has in part shirked the issue, and with his undoubted powers, he might well have produced not merely an interesting and informative book, but a great and vital human document. As it is, we feel we know a little more of what our prisoners-of-war endured in those jungle fastnesses, seeing how they made light of hardship by the simple expedient of living not for the day, but for the hour and the minute, and buoyed themselves up for the future with a robust optimism that never, at any given moment, dreamt that the war had more than a few months to run.

Alexander Woollcott set a fashion when he produced *While Rome Burns*, but few others in modern times have succeeded in investing personal anecdotes with quite the same dramatic aura. John Drummond has a measure of that ability, and many will enjoy his new book, A CANDLE IN ENGLAND (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.), in which he leads the reader on a grand tour in search of curious and obscure episodes in the life-stories of famous men. These anecdotes are culled from the voluminous diaries of Henry Howard, Earl of Effingham, a godfather of John Drummond. They do not all break fresh ground; for there is nothing very new about the career of Sir Jeffery Hudson, the Rutlandshire dwarf, who became a favourite at the Stuart court and eventually fell into the hands of pirates, among whom he grew from 18 ins. in height to 3 ft. 6 ins. Not so many will know the story of Daniel Lambert, who fought a dancing bear with his bare fists and, later in life, when he weighed 52 stone, toured the country on public exhibition, and there are other tales which have hitherto certainly not been published, including that of the man who wished to be "buried" amid his own rafters. Before long, readers may be asking Mr. Drummond for a second instalment of these engaging oddities.



WELSH MINER, NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT: Jack Jones, whose latest book, "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning," is reviewed on this page

Clarence King, who died at the beginning of the century, was an American geologist of distinction, and solely as such the biographical dictionaries have rather too readily labelled him. During his lifetime, however, King's literary ability was widely recognised in the United States and there were many who unhesitatingly described his account of pioneering in the high Sierras as a literary masterpiece. That half-forgotten classic is now republished under the title MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA (A. and C. Black. 16s.). It is a grand story, with Kaweah's Run, an account of how the author and his horse outgalloped two pursuing Mexicans of doubtful probity, as the highlight of the whole book. Clarence King may well have been a brilliant geologist, but, with his friend John Hay, we can only regret "the literary treasures he squandered in his daily conversations . . . when he poured out in inexhaustible profusion his stories of fancy and invention," and be thankful at least for the lucid, eloquent prose that he did bequeath us.

Factual accounts of modern Russia are difficult to find. Nearly always the approach is political, the angle damningly critical or fulsomely to the contrary. Mr. G. D. B. Gray has approached his subject with a fine impartiality, and the result is SOVIET LAND (A. and C. Black. 12s. 6d.). The author is a geographer, who has travelled widely in the Union, and in the space of about 300 amply illustrated pages he gives a highly readable description of the country. As a work of reference, *Soviet Land* is first-class.

Jack Jones writes English with a Welsh lilt. He knows and loves the mining valleys because he belongs to them, and for these two reasons everything he has to say makes an inevitable appeal to Welshmen all over the world. His new novel, OFF TO PHILADELPHIA IN THE MORNING (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), deals with the great music tradition in South Wales, particularly among the mining communities, and it has as its central figure Joseph Parry, the composer, whose hymn tune "Aberystwyth" is his most lasting memorial. Jack Jones draws a faithful portrait of his hero, and surrounds him with many inimitable character sketches of Welsh people.

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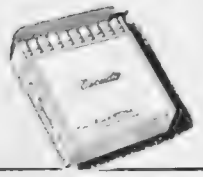

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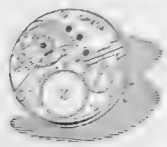

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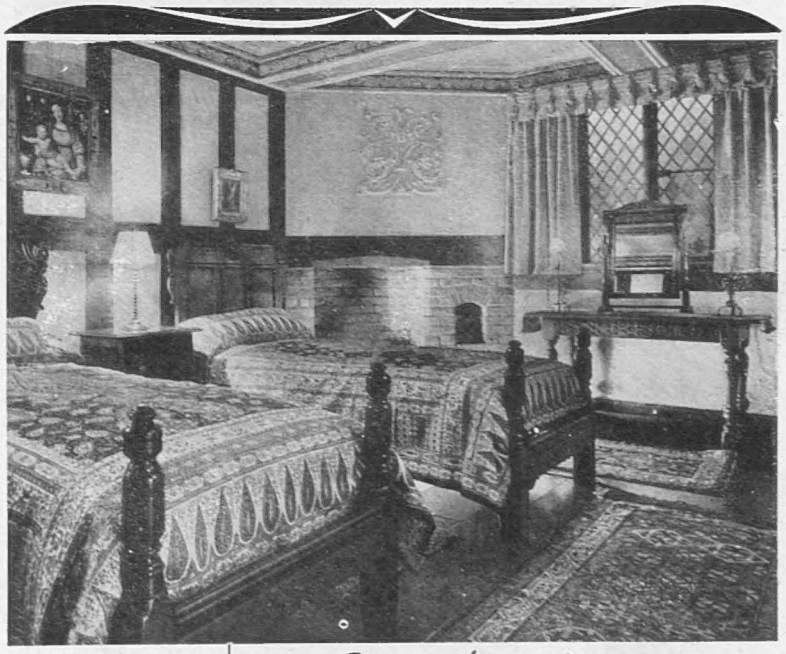

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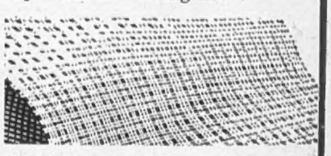

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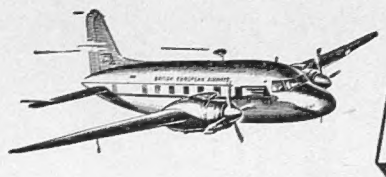

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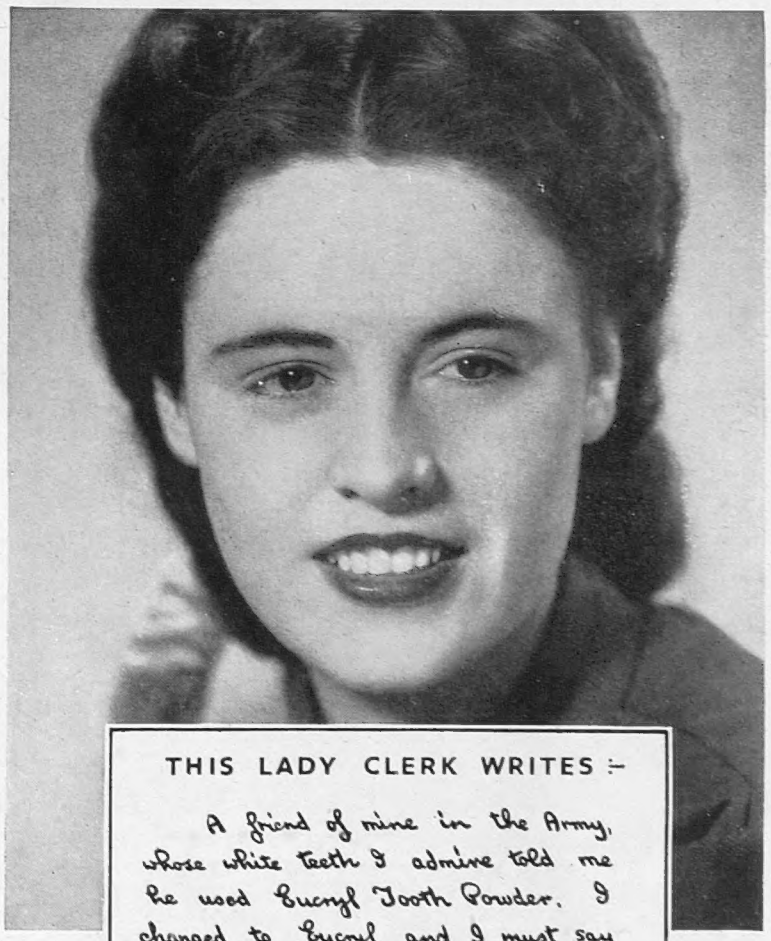

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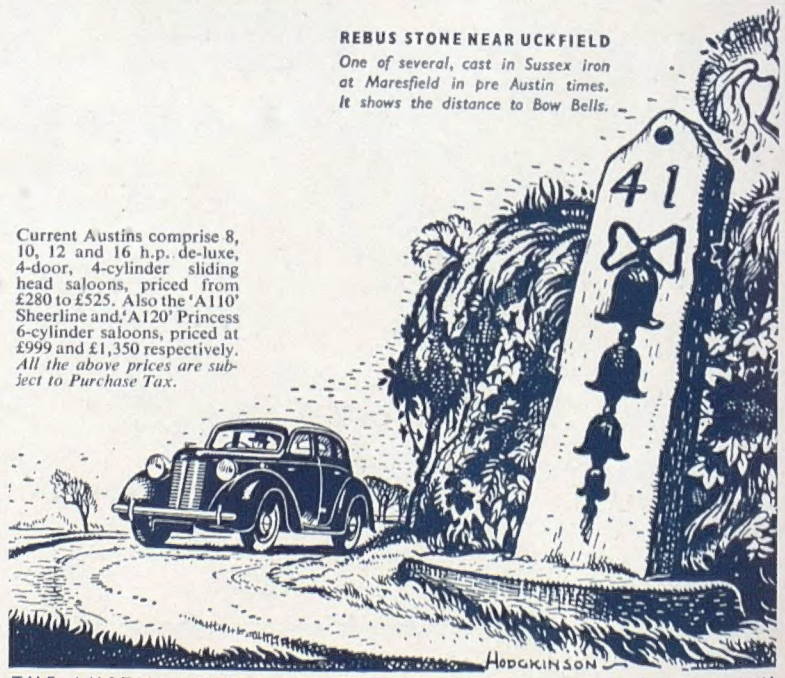

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